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CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

twelve of the whole. The pieces written by Mrs. Barbauld, including one found among her papers, and now first printed, amount to fifteen out of one hundred and one.*

A new arrangement of the matter has been followed in this edition, for which the editor is answerable. Her father was precluded from attending to this point in the first instance, by the manner in which the work grew under his hands. The volumes came out one or two at a time, with an interval of several years between the earliest and the latest. He did not at first contemplate so extensive a work; but his invention flowed

* They are these—The Young Mouse; The Wasp and Bee; Alfred, a Drama; Animals and Countries; Canute's Reproof; The Masque of Nature; Things by their right Names; The Goose and Horse; On Manufactures; The Flying Fish; A Lesson in the Art of Distinguishing; The Phœnix and Dove; The Manufacture of Paper; The Four Sisters; Live Dolls.

freely,—the applause of parents, and the delight of children, invited him to proceed; the slight thread by which he had connected the pieces was capable of being drawn out indefinitely, and the plan was confessedly that of a miscellany. Under these circumstances, it appeared allowable, on a view of the whole work, to change the order, so as to conduct the young reader, in a gentle progress, from the easier pieces to the more difficult; or rather, to adapt the different volumes to different ages, by which the inconvenience might be avoided, of either putting the whole set into the hands of a child, whilst one portion of its contents would not be intelligible to him, or withholding the whole until another portion should have ceased to be interesting. This idea the editor has, to the best of her ability, put in execution. Should she thus be the humble means of extending,

in any degree, the influence of her father's wisdom and genius—of his extensive knowledge, his manly principles, and his genuine benevolence and tenderness of heart,—her pains will be amply rewarded.

INTRODUCTION.

THE mansion-house of the pleasant village of *Beechgrove* was inhabited by the family of FAIRBORNE, consisting of the master and mistress, and a numerous progeny of children of both sexes. Of these, part were educated at home under their parents' care, and part were sent out to school. The house was seldom unprovided with visitors, the intimate friends or relations of the owners, who were entertained with cheerfulness and hospitality, free from ceremony and parade. They formed, during their stay, part of the family; and were ready to concur with Mr. and Mrs. Fairborne in any little domestic plan for varying their amusements, and particularly for promoting the instruction and entertainment of the younger part of the household. As some of them were accus-

tomed to writing, they would frequently produce a fable, a story, or dialogue, adapted to the age and understanding of the young people. It was always considered as a high favour when they would so employ themselves; and when the pieces were once read over, they were carefully deposited by Mrs. Fairborne in a box, of which she kept the key. None of these were allowed to be taken out again till all the children were assembled in the holidays. It was then made one of the evening amusements of the family to *rummage the budget*, as their phrase was. One of the least children was sent to the box, who putting in its little hand, drew out the paper that came next, and brought it into the parlour. This was then read distinctly by one of the older ones; and after it had undergone sufficient consideration, another little messenger was dispatched for a fresh supply; and so on, till as much

time had been spent in this manner as the parents thought proper. Other children were admitted to these readings; and as the *Budget of Beechgrove Hall* became somewhat celebrated in the neighbourhood, its proprietors were at length urged to lay it open to the public. They were induced to comply; and thus, without further preface, begins the

FIRST EVENING.

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

A FABLE.

A YOUNG MOUSE lived in a cupboard where sweetmeats were kept; she dined every day upon biscuit, marmalade, or fine sugar. Never had any little Mouse lived so well. She had often ventured to peep at the family while they sat at supper; nay she had sometimes stolen down on the carpet, and picked up the crumbs, and nobody had ever hurt her.

She would have been quite happy, but that she was sometimes frightened by the cat, and then she ran trembling to the hole behind the wainscot. One day she came running to her mother in great joy. "Mother!" said she, "the good people of this family have built me a house to live in; it is in the cupboard: I am sure it is for me, for it is just big enough: the bottom is of wood, and it is covered all over with wires! and I dare say they have made it on purpose to screen me from that terrible cat, which ran after me so often; there is an entrance just big enough for me, but puss cannot follow; and they have been so good as to put in some toasted cheese, which smells so deliciously, that I should have run in directly and taken possession of my new house, but I thought I would tell you first, that we might go in together, and both lodge there to-night, for it will hold us both."

"My dear child," said the old Mouse, "it is most happy that you did not go in, for this house is called a trap, and you would never have come out again, except to have been devoured, or put to death in some way or other. Though man has not so fierce a look as a cat, he is as much our enemy, and has still more cunning."

THE WASP AND BEE.

A FABLE.

A WASP met a Bee, and said to him, "Pray can you tell me what is the reason that men are so ill-natured to me, while they are so fond of you? We are both very much alike, only that the broad golden rings about my body make me much handsomer than you are: we are both winged insects, we both love honey, and we both sting people when we are angry, yet men always hate me and try

to kill me, though I am much more familiar with them than you are, and pay then visits in their houses, and at their tea table, and at all their meals: while you are very shy, and hardly ever come near them; yet they build you curious houses, thatched with straw, and take care of and feed you in the winter very often:—I wonder what is the reason."

The Bee said, "because you never do them any good, but, on the contrary, are very troublesome and mischievous; therefore they do not like to see you, but they know that I am busy all day long in making them honey. You had better pay them fewer visits, and try to be useful.

THE GOOSE AND HORSE.

A FABLE.

A *Goose*, who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affront-

ed by a *Horse* who fed near her, and in hissing accents thus addressed him. "I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you, for the whole range and extent of your faculties is confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground as well as you: I have besides wings, with which I can raise myself in the air; and when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters: I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped."

The *Horse,* snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied, "It is true you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly, indeed; but your flight is so heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or the swallow. You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cannot live in them as fishes do; you

cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along the bottom of the waves. And when you walk, or rather waddle, upon the ground, with your broad feet, and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess that I am only formed to move upon the ground; but how graceful is my make! how well turned my limbs! how highly finished my whole body! how great my strength! how astonishing my speed! I had far rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a *Goose* in all."

THE FLYING FISH.

THE Flying Fish, says the fable, had originally no wings, but being of an ambitious and discontented temper, she repined at being always confined to the

waters, and wished to soar in the air. "If I could fly like the birds," said she, "I should not only see more of the beauties of nature, but I should be able to escape from those fish which are continually pursuing me, and which render my life miserable." She therefore petitioned Jupiter for a pair of wings; and immediately she perceived her fins to expand. They suddenly grew to the length of her whole body, and became at the same time so strong as to do the office of a pinion. She was at first much pleased with her new powers, and looked with an air of disdain on all her former companions; but she soon perceived herself exposed to new dangers. When flying in the air, she was incessantly pursued by the Tropic Bird and the Albatross; and when for safety she dropped into the water, she was so fatigued with her flight, that she was less able than ever to escape from her old

enemies the fish. Finding herself more unhappy than before, she now begged of Jupiter to recall his present; but Jupiter said to her, "When I gave you your wings, I well knew they would prove a curse; but your proud and restless disposition deserved this disappointment. Now, therefore, what you begged as a favour, keep as a punishment!"

THE LITTLE DOG.

A FABLE.

"WHAT shall I do," said a very little dog one day to his mother, "to show my gratitude to our good master, and make myself of some value to him? I cannot draw or carry burdens, like the horse; nor give him milk, like the cow; nor lend him my covering for his clothing, like the sheep; nor produce him eggs, like the poultry; nor catch mice and rats so well as the cat. I cannot

divert him with singing, like the canaries and linnets; nor can I defend him against robbers, like our relation Towzer. I should not be of use to him even if I were dead, as the hogs are. I am a poor insignificant creature, not worth the cost of keeping; and I don't see that I can do a single thing to entitle me to his regard." So saying, the poor little Dog hung down his head in silent despondency.

"My dear child," replied his mother, "though your abilities are but small, yet a hearty good-will is sufficient to supply all defects. Do but love him dearly, and prove your love by all the means in your power, and you will not fail to please him."

The little Dog was comforted with this assurance; and on his master's approach, ran to him, licked his feet, gamboled before him, and every now and

then stopped, wagging his tail, and looking up to his master with expressions of the most humble and affectionate attachment. The master observed him. "Ah, little Fido," said he, "you are an honest, good-natured little fellow!"—and stooped down to pat his head. Poor Fido was ready to go out of his wits for joy.

Fido was now his master's constant companion in his walks, playing and skipping round him, and amusing him by a thousand sportive tricks. He took care, however, not to be troublesome by leaping on him with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlour, unless invited. He also attempted to make himself useful by a number of little services. He would drive away the sparrows as they were stealing the chickens' meat; and would run and bark with the utmost fury at any strange pigs or other animals that offered to

come into the yard. He kept the poultry, geese, and pigs, from straying beyond their bounds, and particularly from doing mischief in the garden. He was always ready to alarm Towzer if there was any suspicious noise about the house, day or night. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help his workmen, as he would sometimes do, Fido always sat by it, and would not suffer either man or beast to touch it. By this means he came to be considered as a very trusty protector of his master's property.

His master was once confined to his bed with a dangerous illness. Fido planted himself at the chamber-door, and could not be persuaded to leave it, even to take food; and as soon as his master was so far recovered as to sit up, Fido being admitted into the room, ran up to him with such marks of excessive joy and affection, as would have

melted any heart to behold. This circumstance wonderfully endeared him to his master; and, some time after, he had an opportunity of doing him a very important service. One hot day, after dinner, his master was sleeping in a summer-house with Fido by his side. The building was old and crazy; and the Dog, who was faithfully watching his master, perceived the walls shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the ceiling. He comprehended the danger, and began barking to awake his master; and this not sufficing, he jumped up and gently bit his finger. The master, upon this started up, and had just time to get out of the door before the whole building fell down. Fido, who was behind, got hurt by some rubbish which fell upon him; on which his master had him taken care of with the utmost tenderness, and ever after acknowledged his obligation to this animal as

the preserver of his life. Thus his love and fidelity had their full reward.

Moral. The poorest man may repay his obligations to the richest and greatest by faithful and affectionate service—the meanest creature may obtain the favour and regard of the Creator himself, by humble gratitude, and steadfast obedience.

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS.

ONE winter's evening as *Captain Compass* was sitting by the fire-side with his children all round him, little Jack said to him, "Papa, pray tell us some stories about what you have seen in your voyages. I have been vastly entertained whilst you were abroad, with Gulliver's Travels, and the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor; and I think, as you have gone round and round the world, you must have met with things as wonderful

as they did."—" No, my dear," said the Captain, " I never met with Lilliputians or Brobdignagians, I assure you, nor ever saw the black loadstone mountain, or the valley of diamonds; but, to be sure, I have seen a great variety of people, and their different manners and ways of living; and if it will be any entertainment to you, I will tell you some curious particulars of what I observed."—" Pray do, Papa," cried Jack and all his brothers and sisters: so they drew close round him, and he began as follows:

" Well then—I was once, about this time of the year, in a country where it was very cold, and the poor inhabitants had much ado to keep themselves from starving. They were clad partly in the skins of beasts, made smooth and soft by a particular art, but chiefly in garments made from the outer covering of a middle-sized quadruped, which they

were so cruel as to strip off his back while he was alive. They dwelt in habitations, part of which was sunk under ground. The materials were either stones, or earth hardened by fire; and so violent in that country were the storms of wind and rain, that many of them covered their roofs all over with stones. The walls of their houses had holes to let in the light: but to prevent the cold air and wet from coming in, they were covered by a sort of transparent stone, made artificially of melted sand or flints. As wood was rather scarce, I know not what they would have done for firing, had they not discovered in the bowels of the earth a very extraordinary kind of stone, which when put among burning wood, caught fire and flamed like a torch."

"Dear me," said Jack, "what a wonderful stone! I suppose it was somewhat like what we call fire-stones, that shine

so when we rub them together."—"I don't think they would burn," replied the Captain; "besides, these are of a darker colour."

Well—but their diet too was remarkable. Some of them ate fish that had been hung up in the smoke till they were quite dry and hard; and along with it they ate either the roots of plants, or a sort of coarse black cake made of powdered seeds. These were the poorer class; the richer had a whiter kind of cake, which they were fond of daubing over with a greasy matter that was the product of a large animal among them. This grease they used, too, in almost all their dishes, and, when fresh, it really was not unpalatable. They likewise devoured the flesh of many birds and beasts when they could get it; and ate the leaves and other parts of a variety of vegetables growing in the country, some absolutely raw, others variously

prepared by the aid of fire. Another great article of food was the curd of milk, pressed into a hard mass and salted. This had so rank a smell, that persons of weak stomachs often could not bear to come near it. For drink, they made great use of the water in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. These leaves, I was told, came from a great distance. They had likewise a method of preparing a liquor of the seeds of a grass-like plant steeped in water with the addition of a bitter herb, and then set to work or ferment. I was prevailed upon to taste it, and thought it at first nauseous enough, but in time I liked it pretty well. When a large quantity of the ingredients is used, it becomes perfectly intoxicating. But what astonished me most, was their use of a liquor so excessively hot and pungent, that it seems like liquid fire. I once got a mouthful of it by mistake,

taking it for water, which it resembles in appearance, but I thought it would instantly have taken away my breath. Indeed, people are not unfrequently killed by it; and yet many of them will swallow it greedily whenever they can get it. This, too, is said to be prepared from the seeds above mentioned, which are innocent and even salutary in their natural state, though made to yield such a pernicious juice. The strangest custom that I believe prevails in any nation I found here, which was, that some take a mighty pleasure in filling their mouths full of stinking smoke; and others, in thrusting a nasty powder up their nostrils."

"I should think it would choke them," said Jack. "It almost did me," answered his father, "only to stand by while they did it—but use, it is truly said, is second nature.

"I was glad enough to leave this cold

climate; and about half a year after, I fell in with a people enjoying a delicious temperature of air, and a country full of beauty and verdure. The trees and shrubs were furnished with a great variety of fruits, which, with other vegetable products, constituted a large part of the food of the inhabitants. I particularly relished certain berries growing in bunches, some white and some red, of a very pleasant sourish taste, and so transparent, that one might see the seeds at their very centre. Here were whole fields full of extremely odoriferous flowers, which they told me were succeeded by pods bearing seeds, that afforded good nourishment to man and beast. A great variety of birds enlivened the groves and woods; among which I was entertained with one, that without any teaching spoke almost as articulately as a parrot, though indeed it was all the repetition of a single word.

The people were tolerably gentle and civilized, and possessed many of the arts of life. Their dress was very various. Many were clad only in a thin cloth made of the long fibres of the stalk of a plant cultivated for the purpose, which they prepared by soaking in water, and then beating with large mallets. Others wore cloth woven from a sort of vegetable wool, growing in pods upon bushes. But the most singular material was a fine glossy stuff, used chiefly by the richer classes, which, as I was credibly informed, is manufactured out of the webs of caterpillars—a most wonderful circumstance, if we consider the immense number of caterpillars necessary to the production of so large a quantity of the stuff as I saw used. This people are very fantastic in their dress, especially the women, whose apparel consists of a great number of articles impossible to be described, and strangely disguising the

natural form of the body. In some instances they seem very cleanly; but in others, the Hottentots can scarce go beyond them; particularly in the management of their hair, which is all matted and stiffened with the fat of swine and other animals, mixed up with powders of various colours and ingredients. Like most Indian nations, they use feathers in the head-dress. One thing surprised me much, which was, that they bring up in their houses an animal of the tiger kind, with formidable teeth and claws, which, notwithstanding its natural ferocity, is played with and caressed by the most timid and delicate of their women."

"I am sure I would not play with it," said Jack. "Why, you might chance to get an ugly scratch if you did," said the Captain.

"The language of this nation seems very harsh and unintelligible to a fo-

reigner, yet they converse among one another with great ease and quickness. One of the oddest customs is that which men use on saluting each other. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads, and remain uncovered for some time, if they mean to be extraordinarily respectful."

"Why that's like pulling off our hats," said Jack.—"Ah, ah! Papa," cried Betsy, "I have found you out. You have been telling us of our own country, and what is done at home, all this while."—"But, said Jack, "we don't burn stones, or eat grease and powdered seeds, or wear skins and caterpillars' webs, or play with tigers." "No?" said the captain—"pray what are coals but stones? and is not butter, grease; and corn, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk, the web of a kind of caterpillar? and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat-

kind? So, if you recollect what I have been describing, you will find with Betsy's help, that all the other wonderful things I have told you of are matters familiar among ourselves. But I meant to show you, that a foreigner might easily represent every thing as equally strange and wonderful among us as we could do with respect to his country; and also to make you sensible that we daily call a great many things by their names, without ever inquiring into their nature and properties; so that, in reality, it is only their names, and not the things themselves, with which we are acquainted."

THE

DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

In a pleasant wood, on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a *Squirrel*, who had passed two or three

years of his life very happily At length he began to grow discontented, and one day fell into the following soliloquy.

" What, must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dozing away months together in a hole! I see a great many of the birds who inhabit this wood ramble about to a distance wherever their fancy leads them; and at the approach of winter, set out for some remote country, where they enjoy summer weather all the year round. My neighbour Cuckoo tells me he is just going; and even little Nightingale will soon follow. To be sure, I have not wings like them, but I have legs nimble enough; and if one does not use them, one might as well be a mole or a dormouse. I dare say I could easily reach to that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees; which no doubt must be a fine place, for the sun

comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears all covered with red and yellow, and the finest colours imaginable. There can be no harm, at least, in trying, for I can soon get back again if I don't like it. I am resolved to go, and I will set out to-morrow morning."

When Squirrel had taken this resolution, he could not sleep all night for thinking of it; and at peep of day, prudently taking with him as much provision as he could conveniently carry, he began his journey in high spirits. He presently got to the outside of the wood, and entered upon the open moors that reached to the foot of the hills. These he crossed before the sun was gotten high; and then, having eaten his breakfast with an excellent appetite, he began to ascend. It was heavy toilsome work scrambling up the steep sides of the mountains; but Squirrel was used to

climbing; so for a while he proceeded expeditiously. Often, however, was he obliged to stop and take breath; so that it was a good deal past noon before he had arrived at the summit of the first cliff. Here he sat down to eat his dinner; and looking back, was wonderfully pleased with the fine prospect. The wood in which he lived lay far beneath his feet; and he viewed with scorn the humble habitation in which he had been born and bred.

When he looked forwards, however, he was somewhat discouraged to observe that another eminence rose above him, full as distant as that to which he had already reached; and he now began to feel stiff and fatigued. However, after a little rest, he set out again, though not so briskly as before. The ground was rugged, brown and bare; and to his great surprise, instead of finding it warmer as he got nearer the sun, he felt

it grow colder and colder. He had not travelled two hours before his strength and spirits were almost spent; and he seriously thought of giving up the point, and returning before night should come on. While he was thus deliberating with himself, clouds began to gather round the mountain, and to take away all view of distant objects. Presently a storm of mingled snow and hail came down, driven by a violent wind, which pelted poor Squirrel most pitifully, and made him quite unable to move forwards or backwards. Besides, he had completely lost his road, and did not know which way to turn towards that despised home which it was now his only desire again to reach. The storm lasted till the approach of night; and it was as much as he could do, benumbed and weary as he was, to crawl to the hollow of a rock at some distance, which was the best lodging he could find for the

night. His provisions were spent; so that, hungry and shivering, he crept into the furthest corner of the cavern, and rolling himself up, with his bushy tail over his back, he got a little sleep, though disturbed by the cold, and the shrill whistling of the wind amongst the stones.

The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when Squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced, as well as he could, towards the brow of the hill, that he might discover which way to take. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite, soaring in the air above, descried him, and making a stoop carried him off in her talons. Poor Squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was borne away with vast rapidity, and seemed inevitably doomed to become food for the kites' young ones: when an eagle, who had seen the kite seize her

prey, pursued her in order to take it from her; and overtaking her, gave her such a buffet, as caused her to drop the Squirrel in order to defend herself. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time, till at last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree, the leaves and tender boughs of which so broke his fall, that, though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury, and after lying awhile, came to himself again. But what was his pleasure and surprise, to find himself in the very tree which contained hisnest. "Ah!" said he, "my dear native place and peaceful home! if ever I am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo a second time all the miseries and dangers from which I am now so wonderfully escaped."

SECOND EVENING.

ON THE MARTIN.

"LOOK up, my dear," (said his papa to little *William,*) "at those bird-nests above the chamber windows, beneath the eaves of the house. Some, you see, are just begun,—nothing but a little clay stuck against the wall. Others are half finished; and others are quite built—close and tight—leaving nothing but a small hole for the birds to come in and go out at."

"What are they?" said William.

"They are Martins' nests," replied his father; "and there you see the owners. How busily they fly backwards and forwards, bringing clay and dirt in their bills, and laying it upon their work, forming it into shape with their bills and feet! The nests are built very

strong and thick, like a mud wall, and are lined with feathers to make a soft bed for the young. Martins are a kind of swallows. They feed on flies, gnats, and other insects; and always build in towns and villages about the houses. People do not molest them, for they do good rather than harm, and it is very amusing to view their manners and actions. See how swiftly they skim through the air in pursuit of their prey! In the morning they are up by day-break, and twitter about your window while you are asleep in bed; and all day long they are upon the wing, getting food for themselves and their young. As soon as they have caught a few flies, they hasten to their nests, pop into the hole, and feed their little ones. I'll tell you a story about the great care they take of their young. A pair of Martins once built their nest in a porch; and when they had young ones, it happened that one of them climbing up to the

hole before he was fledged, fell out, and lighting upon the stones, was killed. The old birds, perceiving this accident, went and got short bits of strong straw, and stuck them with mud, like palisades, all round the hole of the nest, in order to keep the other little ones from tumbling after their poor brother."

"How cunning that was!" cried William.

"Yes," said his father; "and I can tell you another story of their sagacity, and also of their disposition to help one another. A saucy cock-sparrow, (you know what impudent rogues they are!) had got into a Martin's nest whilst the owner was abroad; and when he returned, the sparrow put his head out of the hole and pecked at the Martin with open bill, as he attempted to enter his own house. The poor Martin was sadly provoked at this injustice, but was unable by his own strength to right him-

self. So he flew away and gathered a number of his companions, who all came with a bit of clay in their bills, with which they plastered up the hole of the nest, and kept the sparrow in prison, who died miserably for want of food and air."

"He was rightly served," said William.

"So he was," rejoined his papa. "Well: I have more to say about the sagacity of these birds. In autumn, when it begins to be cold weather, the Martins and other swallows assemble in great numbers upon the roofs of high buildings, and prepare for their departure to a warmer country; for as all the insects here die in the winter, they would have nothing to live on if they were to stay. They take several short flights in flocks round and round, in order to try their strength, and then, on some fine calm day, they set out together for a long journey southwards, over sea and land, to a very distant country."

"But how do they find their way?" said William.

"We say," answered his father, "that they are taught by *instinct*; that is, God has implanted in their minds a desire of travelling at the season which he knows to be proper, and has also given them an impulse to take the right road. They steer their course through the wide air directly to the proper spot. Sometimes, however, storms and contrary winds meet them and drive the poor birds about till they are quite spent and fall into the sea, unless they happen to meet with a ship, on which they can light and rest themselves. The swallows from this country are supposed to go as far as the middle of Africa to spend the winter, where the weather is always warm, and insects are to be met with all the year. In spring they take another long journey back again to these northern countries. Sometimes, when we have fine weather very early,

a few of them come too soon; for when it changes to frost and snow again, the poor creatures are starved for want of food, or perish from the cold. Hence arises the proverb,

One swallow does not make a summer.

But when a great many of them are come, we may be sure that winter is over, so that we are always very glad to see them again. The Martins find their way back over a great length of sea and land to the very same villages and houses where they were bred. This has been discovered by catching some of them, and marking them. They repair their old nests, or build new ones, and then set about laying eggs and hatching their young. Pretty things! I hope you will never knock down their nests, or take their eggs or young ones! for as they come such a long way to

visit us, and lodge in our houses without fear, we ought to use them kindly.

O'er *Afric's* sand the tawny Lion stalks:
On *Phasis'* banks the graceful Pheasant walks:
The lonely Eagle builds on *Kilda's* shore:
Germania's forests feed the tusky Boar:
From *Alp* to *Alp* the sprightly Ibex bounds:
With peaceful lowings *Britain's* isle resounds:
The *Lapland* Peasant o'er the frozen meer
Is drawn in sledges by the swift Rein-deer:
The River horse and scaly Crocodile
Infest the reedy banks of fruitful *Nile;*
Dire Dipsas hiss o'er *Mauritania's* plain;
And Seals and spouting Whales sport in the *Northern Main.*

THE MASQUE OF NATURE.

WHO is this beautiful virgin that approaches clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow, which covered the fields, and the ice, which

was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful Virgin? If ye have, tell me who she is, and what is her name.

Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment; her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs? The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of all fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp

apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned hay-makers welcome her coming; and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces off his flock, with his sounding shears. When she cometh let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech-tree,—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass,—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name?

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with

a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful grey. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds :—the trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat-sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who is he, and what is his name?

Who is he that cometh from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the

frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. If he were to stroke you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who he is, and what is his name?

THE FARM-YARD JOURNAL.

DEAR TOM,

SINCE we parted at the breaking up I have been for most of the time at a pleasant farm in Hertfordshire, where I have employed myself in rambling about the country and assisting, as well as I could, in the work going on at home and in the fields. On wet days, and in the evenings, I have amused myself with

keeping a journal of all the great events that have happened among us; and hoping that when you are tired of the bustle of your busy town, you may receive some entertainment from comparing our transactions with yours, I have copied out for your perusal one of the days in my memorandum book.

Pray let me know in return what you are doing, and believe me,

Your very affectionate friend,

Hazel Farm. RICHARD MARKWELL.

JOURNAL.

June 10*th.* Last night we had a dreadful alarm. A violent scream was heard from the hen-roost; the geese all set up a cackle, and the dogs barked. Ned, the boy who lies over the stable, jumped up, and ran into the yard, when he observed a fox galloping away with a chicken in his mouth, and the dogs in full chase after him. They could not

overtake him, and soon returned. Upon further examination, the large white cock was found lying on the ground all bloody, with his comb torn almost off, and his feathers all ruffled, and the speckled hen and three chickens lay dead beside him. The cock recovered, but appeared terribly frightened. It seems that the fox had jumped over the garden hedge, and then crossing part of the yard behind the straw, had crept into the hen-roost through a broken pale. John the carpenter was sent for, to make all fast, and prevent the like mischief again.

Early this morning the brindled cow was delivered of a fine bull calf. Both are likely to do well. The calf is to be fattened for the butcher.

The duck-eggs that were sitten upon by the old black hen were hatched this day, and the ducklings all directly ran into the pond, to the great terror of the hen, who went round and round, cluck-

ing with all her might in order to call them out, but they did not regard her. An old drake took the little ones under his care, and they swam about very merrily.

As Dolly this morning was milking the new cow that was bought at the fair, she kicked with her hind legs, and threw down the milk pail, at the same time knocking Dolly off her stool into the dirt. For this offence the cow was sentenced to have her head fastened to the rack, and her legs tied together.

A kite was observed to hover a long while over the yard with an intention of carrying off some of the young chickens, but the hens called their broods together under their wings, and the cocks put themselves in order of battle, so that the kite was disappointed. At length, one chicken, not minding its mother, but straggling heedlessly to a distance, was descried by the kite, who made a sudden

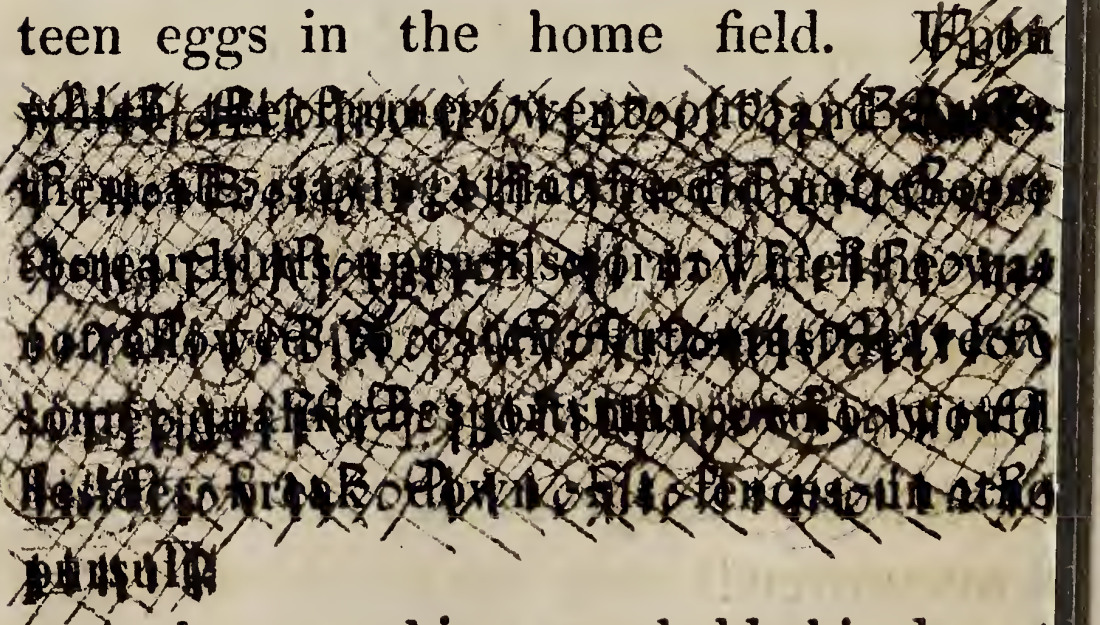
swoop, and seized it in his talons. The chicken cried out, and the cocks and hens all screamed; when Ralph, the farmer's son, who saw the attack, snatched up a loaded gun, and just as the kite was flying off with his prey, fired and brought him dead to the ground, along with the poor chicken, who was killed in the fall. The dead body of the kite was nailed up against the wall, by way of warning to his wicked comrades.

In the forenoon we were alarmed with strange noises approaching us, and looking out we saw a number of people with frying-pans, warming-pans, tongs, and pokers, beating, ringing, and making all possible din. We soon discovered them to be our neighbours of the next farm, in pursuit of a swarm of bees which was hovering in the air over their heads. The bees at length alighted on the tall pear-tree in our orchard, and hung in a bunch from one of the boughs

A ladder was got, and a man, ascending with gloves on his hands, and an apron tied over his head, swept them into a hive which was rubbed on the inside with honey and sweet herbs. But, as he was descending, some bees which had got under his gloves stung him in such a manner, that he hastily threw down the hive, upon which the greater part of the bees fell out, and began in a rage to fly among the crowd, and sting all whom they lit upon. Away scampered the people, the women shrieking, the children roaring; and poor Adam, who had held the hive, was assailed so furiously, that he was obliged to throw himself on the ground, and creep under the gooseberry bushes. At length the bees began to return to the hive, in which the queen bee had remained; and after a while, all being quietly settled, a cloth was thrown over it, and the swarm was carried home.

About noon, three pigs broke into the garden, where they were rioting upon the carrots and turnips, and doing a great deal of mischief by trampling the beds and rooting up the plants with their snouts; when they were spied by old Towzer the mastiff, who ran among them, and laying hold of their long ears with his teeth, made them squeal most dismally, and get out of the garden as fast as they could.

Roger the ploughman, when he came for his dinner, brought word that he had discovered a partridge's nest with sixteen eggs in the home field. Upon



A sheep-washing was held this day at

the mill-pool, when seven score were well washed, and then penned in the high meadow to dry. Many of them made great resistance at being thrown into the water; and the old ram being dragged to the brink by a boy at each horn, and a third pushing behind, by a sudden spring threw two of them into the water, to the great diversion of the spectators.

Towards the dusk of the evening, the squire's mongrel greyhound, which had been long suspected of worrying sheep, was caught in the fact. He had killed two lambs, and was making a hearty meal upon one of them, when he was disturbed by the approach of the shepherd's boy, and directly leaped the hedge and made off. The dead bodies were taken to the squire's, with an indictment of wilful murder against the dog. But when they came to look for the culprit, he was not to be found in any part of the premises, and is supposed to have

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fled his country through consciousness of his heinous offence.

Joseph, who sleeps in the garret at the old end of the house, after having been some time in bed, came down stairs in his shirt, as pale as ashes, and frightened the maids, who were going up. It was some time before he could tell what was the matter; at length he said he had heard some dreadful noises over head, which he was sure must be made by some ghost or evil spirit; nay, he thought he had seen something moving, though he owned he durst hardly lift up his eyes. He concluded with declaring, that he would rather sit up all night in the kitchen than go to his room again. The maids were almost as much alarmed as he, and did not know what to do; but their master overhearing their talk, came out and insisted upon their accompanying him to the spot, in order to search into the affair. They all went into the

garret, and for a while heard nothing; when their master ordered the candle to be taken away, and every one to keep quite still. Joseph and the maids stuck close to each other, and trembled every limb. At length a kind of groaning or snoring began to be heard, which grew louder and louder, with intervals of a strange sort of hissing. "That's it!" whispered Joseph, drawing back towards the door—the maids were ready to sink, and even the farmer himself was a little disconcerted. The noise seemed to come from the rafters near the thatch. In a while a glimpse of moon-light shining through a hole at the place, plainly discovered the shadow of something stirring; and on looking intently, something like feathers were perceived. The farmer now began to suspect what the case was; and ordering up a short ladder bid Joseph climb to the spot, and thrust his hand into the hole. This he did rather un-

willingly, and soon drew it back, crying loudly that he was bit. However, gathering courage, he put it in again, and pulled out a large white owl, another at the same time being heard to fly away. The cause of the alarm was now made clear enough; and poor Joseph, after being heartily jeered by the maids, though they had been as much frightened as he, sneaked into bed, and the house soon became quiet.

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE.

"I THINK I will take a ride,"—said the little *Lord Linger*, after breakfast: "bring me my boots, and let my horse be brought to the door."

The horse was saddled, and his lordship's spurs were putting on.

"No"—said he—"I'll have my low chair and the ponies, and take a drive round the park."

The horse was led back, and the ponies

were almost harnessed, when his lordship sent his valet to countermand them. He would walk into the corn field, and see how the new pointer hunted.

"After all"—says he—"I think I will stay at home, and play a game or two at billiards."

He played half a game, but could not make a stroke to please himself. His tutor, who was present, now thought it a good opportunity to ask his lordship if he would read a little.

"Why—I think—I will—for I am tired of doing nothing. What shall we have?"

"Your lordship left off last time in one of the finest passages of the Æneid. Suppose we finish it."

"Well—aye; But—no—I had rather go on with Hume's history, Or—suppose we do some geography?"

"With all my heart. The globes are upon the study table."

They went to the study; and the little lord, leaning upon his elbows, looked at the globe—then twirled it round two or three times—and then listened patiently while the tutor explained some of its parts and uses. But whilst he was in the midst of a problem, "Come"—said his lordship—"now for a little Virgil."

The book was brought; and the pupil, with a good deal of help, got through twenty lines.

"Well,"—said he, ringing the bell—"I think we have done a good deal. Tom! bring my bow and arrows."

The fine London-made bow in its green case, and the quiver with all its appurtenances, were brought, and his lordship went down to the place where the shooting butts were erected. He aimed a few shafts at the target, but not coming near it, he shot all the remainder at random, and then ordered out his horse.

He sauntered, with a servant at his heels, for a mile or two through the lanes, and came, just as the clock struck twelve, to a village green, close by which a school was kept. A door flew open, and out burst a shoal of boys, who, spreading over the green, with immoderate vociferation, instantly began a variety of sports. Some fell to marbles—some to trap-ball—some to leap-frog. In short, not one of the whole crew but was eagerly employed. Every thing was noise, motion, and pleasure. *Lord Linger*, riding slowly up, espied one of his tenant's sons, who had been formerly admitted as a playfellow of his, and called him from the throng.

"Jack,"—said he—"how do you like school?"

"O—pretty well, my lord."

"What—have you a good deal of play?"

"O no! We have only from twelve to

two for playing and eating our dinners; and then an hour before supper."

"That is very little indeed!"

"But *we play heartily when we do play, and work when we work.* Good by, my lord! It is my turn to go in at trap?"

So saying, Jack ran off.

"I wish I was a school-boy!"—cried the little lord to himself.

THE RAT WITH A BELL.

A FABLE.

A LARGE old house in the county was so extremely infested with rats that nothing could be secured from their depredations. They scaled the walls to attack flitches of bacon, though hung as high as the ceiling. Hanging shelves afforded no protection to the cheese and pastry. They penetrated by sap into the store-room, and plundered it of preserves and sweetmeats. They gnawed

through cupboard-doors, undermined floors, and ran races behind the wainscots. The cats could not get at them: they were too cunning and too well fed to meddle with poison; and traps only now and then caught a heedless straggler. One of these, however, on being taken, was the occasion of practising a new device. This was, to fasten a collar with a small bell about the prisoner's neck, and then turn him loose again.

Overjoyed at the recovery of his liberty, the rat ran into the nearest hole, and went in search of his companions. They heard at a distance the bell tinkle tinkle though the dark passages, and suspecting some enemy had got among them, away they scoured, some one way and some another. The bell-bearer pursued; and soon guessing the cause of their flight, he was greatly amused by it. Wherever be approached, it was all hurry-scurry, and not a tail of one of them was to be seen. He chased his

old friends from hole to hole, and room to room, laughing all the while at their fears, and increasing them by all the means in his power. Presently he had the whole house to himself. "That's right (quoth he)—the fewer, the better cheer." So he rioted along among the good things, and stuffed till he could hardly walk.

For two or three days this course of life went on very pleasantly. He ate, and ate, and played the bugbear to perfection. At length he grew tired of this lonely condition, and longed to mix with his companions again upon the former footing. But the difficulty was, how to get rid of his bell. He pulled and tugged with his fore-feet, and almost wore the skin off his neck in the attempt, but all in vain. The bell was now his plague and torment. He wandered from room to room earnestly desiring to make himself known

to one of his companions, but they all kept out of his reach. At last, as he was moping about disconsolate he fell in puss's way, and was devoured in an instant.

He who is raised so much above his fellow-creatures as to be the object of their terror, must suffer for it in losing all the comforts of society. He is a solitary being in the midst of crowds. He keeps them at a distance, and they equally shun him. Dread and affection cannot subsist together.

THE DOG BALKED OF HIS DINNER.

A TALE.

THINK yourself sure of nothing till you've got it:
This is the lesson of the day.
In metaphoric language I might say,
Count not your bird before you've shot it.
Quoth proverb, "'Twixt the cup and lip

There's many a slip."
Not every guest invited sits at table,
So says *my* fable.

A man once gave a dinner to his friend,
His friend!—his patron I should rather think,
By all the loads of meat and drink,
And fruits and jellies without end,
Sent home the morning of the feast.
Jowler, his dog, a social beast,
Soon as he smelt the matter out, away
Scampers to old acquaintance *Tray*,
And with expressions kind and hearty,
Invites him to the party.
Tray wanted little pressing to a dinner;
He was, in truth, a gormandizing sinner.
He lick'd his chops, and wagg'd his tail;
Dear friend! (he cried) I will not fail:
But what's your hour?
We dine at four;
But if you come an hour too soon,
You'll find there's something to be done.

His friend withdrawn, *Tray*, full of glee,
As blithe as blithe could be,
Skipp'd, danced, and play'd full many an antic,
Like one half frantic,
Then sober in the sun lay winking,
But could not sleep for thinking.

He thought o'er every dainty dish,
Fried, boil'd, and roast,
Flesh, fowl, and fish,
With tripes and toast,
Fit for a dog to eat;
And in his fancy made a treat,
Might grace a bill of fare
For my Lord May'r.

At length, just on the stroke of three,
Forth sallied he;
And through a well-known hole
He slyly stole
Pop on the scene of action.
Here he beheld, with wond'rous satisfaction,
All hands employ'd in drawing, stuffing,
Skewering, spitting, and basting,
The red-faced cook sweating and puffing,
Chopping, mixing and tasting.
Tray skulk'd about, now here, now there,
Peep'd into this, and smelt at that,
And lick'd the gravy, and the fat,
And cried, O rare! how I shall fare!

But Fortune, spiteful as Old Nick,
Resolved to play our dog a trick;
She made the cook
Just cast a look
Where *Tray*, beneath the dresser lying,
His promised bliss was eyeing.

A cook while cooking is a sort of Fury,
A maxim worth rememb'ring, I assure ye.
Tray found it true,
And so may you,
If e'er you choose to try.
How now! (quoth she) what's this I spy?
A nasty cur! who let him in?
Would he were hang'd with all his kin!
A pretty kitchen guest indeed!
But I shall pack him off with speed.

So saying, on poor *Tray* she flew
And dragg'd the culprit forth to view;
Then, to his terror and amazement,
Whirl'd him like lightning through the casement.

THIRD EVENING.

THE KID.

ONE bleak day in March, *Sylvia* returning from a visit to the sheep-fold met with a young kidling deserted by its dam on the naked heath. It was bleating piteously, and was so benumbed with the cold, that it could scarcely stand. *Sylvia* took it up in her arms, and pressed it close to her bosom. She

hastened home, and showing her little foundling to her parents, begged she might rear it for her own. They consented; and *Sylvia* immediately got a basket full of clean straw, and made a bed for him on the hearth. She warmed some milk, and held it to him in a platter. The poor creature drank it up eagerly, and then licked her hand for more. *Sylvia* was delighted. She chafed his tender legs with her warm hands, and soon saw him jump out of his basket, and frisk across the room. When full, he lay down again and took a comfortable nap.

The next day the kid had a name bestowed upon him. As he gave tokens of being an excellent jumper, it was *Capriole.* He was introduced to all the rest of the family, and the younger children were allowed to stroke and pat him; but *Sylvia* would let nobody be intimate with him but herself. The

great mastiff was charged never to hurt him, and indeed he had no intention to do it.

Within a few days, *Capriole* followed *Sylvia* all about the house; trotted by her side into the yard; ran races with her in the home-field; fed out of her hand, and was declared pet and favourite. As the spring advanced, *Sylvia* roamed in the fields, and gathered wild flowers, with which she wove garlands, and hung them around the kid's neck. He could not be kept, however, from munching his finery, when he could reach it with his mouth. He was likewise rather troublesome in thrusting his nose into the meal-tub and flour box, and following people into the dairy, and sipping the milk that was set for cream. He now and then got a blow for his intrusion; but his mistress always took his part, and indulged him in every liberty.

Capriole's horns now began to bud, and a little white beard sprouted at the end of his chin. He grew bold enough to put himself into a fighting posture whenever he was offended. He butted down little *Colin* into the dirt; quarrelled with the geese for their allowance of corn; and held many a stout battle with the old turkey cock. Every body said "*Capriole* is growing too saucy, he must be sent away or taught better manners." But Sylvia still stood his friend, and he repaid her love with many tender caresses.

The farm-house, where *Sylvia* lived, was situated in a sweet valley, by the side of a clear stream, bordered with trees. Above the house rose a sloping meadow, and beyond that was an open common covered with purple heath and yellow furze. Further on, at some distance, rose a steep hill, the summit of which was a bare craggy rock, scarcely

accessible to human feet. *Capriole* ranging at his pleasure, often got upon the common, and was pleased with browsing the short grass and wild herbs which grew there. Still, however, when his mistress came to see him, he would run bounding at her call, and accompany her back to the farm.

One fine summer's day, *Sylvia*, after having finished the business of the morning, wanted to play with her kid; and missing him she went to the side of the common, and called aloud *Capriole! Capriole!* expecting to see him come running to her as usual. No *Capriole* came. She went on and on, still calling her kid with the most endearing accents, but nothing was to be seen of him. Her heart began to flutter. "What can become of him? Surely somebody must have stolen him,— or perhaps the neighbours' dogs have worried him. Oh my poor *Capriole!* my dear *Capriole!*

shall never see you again!"—and *Sylvia* began to weep.

She still went on, looking wistfully all around, and making the place echo with *Capriole! Capriole!* where are you, my *Capriole?* till at length she came to the foot of the steep hill. She climbed up its sides to get a better view. No kid was to be seen. She sat down and wept and wrung her hands. After a while, she fancied she heard a bleating like the well-known voice of her *Capriole.* She started up, and looked toward the sound, which seemed a great way over head. At length she spied, just on the edge of a steep crag, her *Capriole* peeping over. She stretched out her hands to him, and began to call, but with a timid voice, lest in his impatience to return to her, he should leap down and break his neck. But there was no such danger. *Capriole* was inhaling the fresh breeze of the

mountains, and enjoying with rapture the scenes for which nature designed him. His bleating was the expression of joy, and he bestowed not a thought on his kind mistress, nor paid the least attention to her call. *Sylvia* ascended as high as she could towards him, and called louder and louder, but all in vain. *Capriole* leaped from rock to rock, cropped the fine herbage in the clefts, and was quite lost in the pleasure of his new existence.

Poor *Sylvia* staid till she was tired, and then returned disconsolate to the farm, to relate her misfortune. She got her brothers to accompany her back to the hill, and took with her a slice of white bread and some milk to tempt the little wanderer home. But he had mounted still higher, and had joined a herd of companions of the same species, with whom he was frisking and sport-

ing. He had neither eyes nor ears for his old friends of the valley. All former habits were broken at once, and he had commenced free commoner of nature. *Sylvia* came back crying as much from vexation as sorrow. "The little ungrateful thing (said she)—so well as I loved him, and so kindly as I treated him, to desert me in this way at last!—But he was always a rover."

Take care then, *Sylvia*, (said her mother) how you set your heart upon *rovers* again!

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Robinet, a peasant of Lorrain, after a hard day's work at the next market-town, was running home with a basket in his hand. "What a delicious supper shall I have! (said he to himself.) This, piece of kid, well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal,

and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!"

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. "Ha! (thought he) what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little master! I'll try if I can get it." Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. *Robinet* looked after him—Well, (said he) then I must be contented with soup-meagre—and no bad thing neither.

He travelled on, and came to a little public-house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited *Robinet* to take a draught. *Robinet* seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on the bench close by him. A tame raven, which was kept at the house, came slily behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. *Robinet* did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. "Well, (says he) my soup will be the thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good at least."

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up to pass at the same time, *Robinet* gallantly offered his hand. As soon as

she was got to the middle, either through fear or sport, she shrieked out, and cried she was falling. *Robinet* hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it; but when he took it out, he perceived that all the salt was melted, and the pepper washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. "Well! (says *Robinet*) then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

ORDER AND DISORDER.

A FAIRY TALE.

JULIET was a clever well-disposed girl, but apt to be heedless. She could learn her lessons very well, but commonly

as much time was taken up in getting her things together, as in doing what she was set about. If she was to work, there was generally the housewife to seek in one place, and the thread papers in another. The scissars were left in her pocket up stairs, and the thimble was rolling about the floor. In writing, the copy book was generally missing, the ink dried up, and the pens, new and old, all tumbled about the cupboard. The slate and slate-pencil were never found together. In making her exercises, the English dictionary always came to hand instead of the French grammar; and when she was to read a chapter, she usually got hold of Robinson Crusoe, or the World Displayed, instead of the Testament.

Juliet's mamma was almost tired of teaching her, so she sent her to make a visit to an old lady in the country, a very good woman, but rather strict with

young folks. Here she was shut up in a room above stairs by herself after breakfast every day, till she had quite finished the tasks set her. This house was one of the very few that are still haunted by fairies. One of these, whose name was *Disorder*, took a pleasure in plaguing poor Juliet. She was a frightful figure to look at, being crooked and squint-eyed, with her hair hanging about her face, and her dress put on all awry, and full of rents and tatters. She prevailed on the old lady to let her set Juliet her tasks; so one morning she came up with a work-bag full of threads of silk of all sorts of colours, mixed and entangled together, and a flower very nicely worked to copy. It was a pansy, and the gradual melting of its hues into one another was imitated with great accuracy and beauty. "Here, Miss," said she, "my mistress has sent you a piece of work to do, and she insist

upon having it done before you come down to dinner. You will find all the materials in this bag."

Juliet took the flower and the bag, and turned out all the silks upon the table. She slowly pulled out a red and a purple, and a blue, and a yellow, and at length fixed upon one to begin working with; after taking two or three stitches, and looking at her model, she found another shade was wanted. This was to be hunted out from the bunch, and a long while it took her to find it. It was soon necessary to change it for another. Juliet saw that in going on at this rate, it would take days instead of hours to work the flower, so she laid down the needle and fell a crying. After this had continued some time, she was startled at the sound of somewhat stamping on the floor; and taking her handkerchief from her eyes, she spied a diminutive female figure advancing towards her. She was

as upright as an arrow, and had not so much as a hair out of its place, or the least article of her dress rumpled or discomposed. When she came up to Juliet, "My dear," said she, "I heard you crying, and knowing you to be a good girl in the main, I am come to your assistance. My name is *Order*; your mamma is well accquainted with me, though this is the first time you ever saw me. But I hope we shall know one another better for the future." She then jumped upon the table, and with a wand gave a tap upon the heap of entangled silk. Immediately the threads separated, and arranged themselves in a long row consisting of little skeins in which all of the same colour were collected together, those approaching nearest in shade being placed next each other. This done, she disappeared. Juliet, as soon as her surprise was over resumed her work, and found it go on

with ease and pleasure. She finished the flower by dinner-time, and obtained great praise for the neatness of the execution.

The next day the ill-natured fairy came up with a great book under her arm. "This," said she, "is my mistress's house-book, and she says you must draw out against dinner an exact account of what it has cost her last year in all the articles of house-keeping, including clothes, rent, taxes, wages, and the like. You must state separately the amount of every article under the heads of baker, butcher, milliner, shoemaker, and so forth, taking special care not to miss a single thing entered down in the book. Here is a quire of paper, and a parcel of pens." So saying, with a malicious grin she left her.

Juliet turned pale at the very thought of the task she had to perform. She opened the great book, and saw all the pages closely written, but in the most

confused manner possible. Here was "Paid Mr. Crusty for a week's bread and baking, so much." Then, "Paid Mr. Pinchtoe for shoes, so much."—"Paid half a year's rent, so much." Then came a butcher's bill, succeeded by a milliner's, and that by a tallow-chandler's. "What shall I do?" cried poor Juliet—"where am I to begin, and how can I possibly pick out all these things? Was ever such a tedious perplexing task? O that my good little creature were here again with her wand!"

She had but just uttered these words when the fairy *Order* stood before her. "Don't be startled, my dear," said she; "I knew your wish, and made haste to comply with it. Let me see your book." She turned over a few leaves, and then cried, "I see my cross-grained sister has played you a trick. She has brought you the *day-book* instead of the *ledger*; but I will set the matter to right instantly." She vanished, and presently

returned with another book, in which she showed Juliet every one of the articles required, standing at the tops of the pages, and all the particulars entered under them from the day-book; so that there was nothing for her to do but cast up the sums, and copy out the heads with their amount in single lines. As Juliet was a ready accountant, she was not long in finishing the business, and produced her account neatly written on one sheet of paper, at dinner.

The next day, Juliet's tormentor brought her up a large box full of letters stamped upon small bits of ivory, capitals and common letters of all sorts, but jumbled together promiscuously, as if they had been shaken in a bag. "Now, Miss," said she, "before you come down to dinner, you must exactly copy out this poem in these ivory letters, placing them line by line, on the floor of your room."

Juliet thought at first that this task

would be pretty sport enough; but when she set about it, she found such trouble in hunting out the letters she wanted, every one seeming to come to hand before the right one, that she proceeded very slowly; and the poem being a long one, it was plain that night would come before it was finished. Sitting down, and crying for her kind friend, was therefore her only resource.

Order was not far distant, for, indeed, she had been watching her proceedings all the while. She made herself visible, and giving a tap on the letters with her wand, they immediately arranged themselves alphabetically in little double heaps, the small in one, and the great in the other. After this operation, Juliet's task went on with such expedition, that she called up the old lady an hour before dinner, to be witness to its completion.

The good lady kissed her, and told her that as she hoped she was now

made fully sensible of the benefits of order, and the inconveniences of disorder, she would not confine her any longer to work by herself at set tasks, but she should come and sit with her. Juliet took such pains to please her by doing every thing with the greatest neatness and regularity, and reforming all her careless habits, that when she was sent back to her mother, the following presents were made her, constantly to remind her of the beauty and advantage of order.

A cabinet of English coins, in which all the gold and silver money of our kings was arranged in the order of their reigns.

A set of plaster casts of the Roman emperors.

A cabinet of beautiful shells, displayed according to the most approved system.

A very complete box of water colours,

and another of crayons, sorted in all the shades of the primary colours.

And a very nice housewife, with all the implements belonging to a sempstress, and a good store of the best needles in sizes.

LIVE DOLLS.

Mrs. Lacour was accustomed to lay out for her daughter, a girl about eight years old, a great deal of money in playthings. One morning Eliza (that was her name) was in raptures over a new wax doll, which her mamma had given two guineas for in Fleet-street. By means of a concealed wire, it had been made to open and shut its eyes, to the no small surprise of the little girl, not unmixed with a certain degree of terror, when her mother first exhibited the phænomenon; but having had the principle explained to her, she had spent the

greatest part of the morning in moving the wires up and down, and making them alternately open and shut the eye-lids. It is true the mechanism had one defect, which we record, in hopes the ingenuity of future doll-makers may find a remedy for it. The doll shut her eyes after the manner of a bird, by drawing up the membrane over the eye, instead of letting the eye-lid fall over it, as is the custom in human creatures; but as Eliza had not studied comparative anatomy, this slight irregularity was not noticed. She was still in raptures over her new acquisition, when she was surprised with a visit from Mrs. Dorcas, a maiden sister of her father's, who sometimes called upon her. "Look here, my dear aunt," said she, "what a charming doll I have got; see, now its eyes are shut, now they are open again, how curious! I dare say you cannot guess how I do it. I can hardly help fancying it alive. To-

morrow I shall begin to dress it, for it must have a fine worked cap with a laced border, and a long muslin robe and shoes. I do not know whether it should have shoes yet, for it is only a baby; and I shall lay it in the cradle, and rock it,—and when I want it to go to sleep; its eyes shall be shut, and in the morning they shall be open again, just as if it were really alive: I wish it could eat and drink,—why could they not make its mouth to open?"

Mrs. D. Your doll is very pretty indeed, and I commend you for intending to make its clothes yourself, but would not you like better to have a real live doll to dress?

Eliza. O yes! that I should, indeed but I believe—I am afraid there is no such doll.

Mrs. D. I will find you such a one you will dress it.

Eliza. And will it open its mouth and eat?

Mrs. D. Yes it will.

Eliza. And can it speak too?

Mrs. D. I do not say it can speak yet; it has not been taught; but you shall hear its voice, and you shall see it breathe: your doll does not breathe. (Eliza took her doll and placed her hand upon its waxen bosom, as if she expected to feel it heave.) And the clothes you will make will warm it too. A wax doll is not warmed by its clothes. Your doll is as cold when she is wrapped up in a quilt and placed in the cradle, as if she were laid naked upon a marble slab.

Eliza. Is she?

Mrs. D. Yes; you may convince yourself of that whenever you please; but this live doll will not only be warmed by the clothes you make, but, perhaps, she may die if you do not make them.

Eliza. O! do not let her die, I will set about making the clothes directly.

Mrs. D. Then come along with me.

Eliza sallied forth with her aunt Dorcas: she was all the way silent, and breathless with expectation: after leading her through a few streets, her aunt stopped at a house, and asked to be shown into the work-room. It was a room where a number of young girls were sitting at a long table, with cheerful and busy looks. The table was covered with work-bags, needle-cases, thread-papers, and such like sewing implements, and spread with flannel, calico, dimity, and old linen; one of the girls was making a cap, another a petticoat, a third a frock, the elder ones were cutting out the cloth, some of the little ones were stretching out their hands to hold a skein of thread for the others to wind; not one was unemployed. "What are they all doing?" said Eliza.

Mrs. D. They are all working for live dolls.

Eliza. But where are the dolls?

Mrs. D. You cannot see them yet; they would suffer if the clothes were not prepared for them before they came.

Eliza. But here are no laces nor worked muslins; here is nothing very pretty.

Mrs. D. No, because pretty things seldom have the property of keeping the wearers warm.

Eliza. But who are they working for?

At that instant a woman with a child upon her bosom, pale, but with a countenance shining with joy and gratitude, entered the work-room, pouring out her thanks to the good young ladies, as she truly called them, for their well-timed bounty. "But for you," she said, "this dear little infant might perhaps have perished, or at least its little limbs

would have been chilled with cold for want of good and substantial clothing. My husband was ill, and could not work, and I had no money to buy any thing but necessary food. If I could have bought the materials, or if you had given them me, I could not have cut them out and contrived them, and made them up myself; for I was never taught to be handy at my needle, as you have been, ladies. I was only set to coarse work. Look what a sweet little infant it is, and how comfortable he looks. God bless you, dear ladies! and make you all happy wives and mothers, when the time comes!" The girls, with great pleasure, rose when she had finished her address to them; and after congratulating the mother, took the infant, and handing it from one to another, kissed and played with it. Eliza, too, advanced, but timidly, and as if she had not yet earned a right to caress it. "Ap-

proach, my niece," said Mrs. Dorcas, "kiss the lips of this infant, and imbibe that affection which is one of the characteristics of your sex. Women are made to love children, and they should begin to love them while they themselves are children; nor is there any surer way of learning to love a being, than by doing good to it. You see now why I brought you hither. This is the live doll I promised you: its limbs are not the work of a clumsy mechanic, they are fashioned by consummate wisdom and skill, and it will not always remain as it is; this little frame has a principle of improvement in it—it has powers that will unfold themselves by degrees—the limbs will stretch and grow; after a while it will walk, it will speak, it will play, it will be like one of you. How precious then is the life of such a creature! But it has pleased the Creator of all things that this excellent being should come

into the world naked and helpless; it has neither hair, nor wool, nor fur, nor feathers to keep it warm; if not clothed and cherished, it would soon be killed with the cold. It is therefore very desirable to help those poor people who cannot afford to clothe their infants, lest so admirable a work of God as a human creature should perish for want of care. There is a great deal of pain and danger in bearing children in any situation of life; but when people are poor as well as sick, the distress is very much increased. These good young ladies, Eliza, have formed a society among themselves for making baby-linen for the poor. Nobody bid them do it; it was entirely of their own accord. They have agreed to subscribe a penny a week out of their little pocket money. A penny is a very small matter; girls who have a great deal of money, perhaps would not suppose it worth thinking

about, but a great many pennies every week will in time come to a sum that is not so contemptible. With this they buy the materials, such as warm flannels, coarse printed cottons, and dimity. Their mammas give them, every now and then, some fine old linen and cast-off clothes; but the value of their work is a great deal more than that of the materials: if they did not cut and contrive, and make them up, they would be of little service comparatively to the poor people; besides, the doing so will make them clever managers when they come to have children of their own. None of these good girls are above fourteen; and they have clothed a number of little helpless infants, and made, as you have seen, the mothers' hearts very glad. Now, if you wish it, I dare say they will let you work with them; but here is no finery,—and if you like better to work for your wax-doll, do so." "O, no!" said Eliza, "the

live doll for me;" and she bespoke a place at the long work-table.

THE HOG AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A DEBATE once arose among the animals in a farm-yard, which of them was most valued by their common master. After the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, and the dog, had stated their several pretensions, the hog took up the discourse.

"It is plain (said he) that the greatest value must be set upon that animal which is kept most for his own sake, without expecting from him any return of use and service. Now which of you can boast so much in that respect as I can?

"As for you, Horse, though you are very well fed and lodged, and have servants to attend upon you, and make you sleek and clean, yet all this is for the sake of your labour. Do not I see you

taken out early every morning, put in chains, or fastened to the shafts of a heavy cart, and not brought back till noon; when, after a short respite, you are taken to work again till late in the evening? I may say just the same to the Ox, except that he works for poorer fare.

"For you, Mrs. Cow, who are so dainty over your chopped straw and grains, you are thought worth keeping only for your milk, which is drained from you twice a day to the last drop, while your poor young ones are taken from you, and sent I know not whither.

"You, poor innocent Sheep, who are turned out to shift for yourselves upon the bare hills, or penned upon the fallows with now and then a withered turnip or some musty hay, you pay dearly enough for your keep by resigning your warm coat every year, for want of which you

are liable to be starved to death on some of the cold nights before summer.

" As for the dog, who prides himself so much on being admitted to our master's table, and made his companion, that he will scarce condescend to reckon himself one of us, he is obliged to do all the offices of a domestic servant by day, and to keep watch during the night, while we are quietly asleep.

" In short, you are all of you creatures maintained for use—poor subservient things, made to be enslaved or pillaged. I, on the contrary, have a warm stye and plenty of provisions all at free cost. I have nothing to do but grow fat and follow my amusement; and my master is best pleased when he sees me lying at ease in the sun, or filling my belly."

Thus argued the Hog, and put the rest to silence by so much logic and rhetoric. This was not long before

winter set in. It proved a very scarce season for fodder of all kinds; so that the farmer began to consider how he was to maintain all his live stock till spring. 'It will be impossible for me (thought he) to keep them all; I must therefore part with those I can best spare. As for my horses and working oxen, I shall have business enough to employ them; they must be kept, cost what it will. My cows will not give me much milk in the winter, but they will calve in the spring, and be ready for the new grass. I must not lose the profit of my dairy. The sheep, poor things, will take care of themselves as long as there is a bite upon the hills; and if deep snow comes, we must do with them as well as we can by the help of a few turnips and some hay, for I must have their wool at shearing-time to make out my rent with. But my hogs will eat me out of house and home, without doing me any good.

They must go to pot, that's certain; and the sooner I get rid of the fat ones, the better."

So saying, he singled out the orator as one of the prime among them, and sent him to the butcher the very next day.

FOURTH EVENING.

THE BULLIES.

As young Francis was walking through a village with his tutor, they were annoyed by two or three cur dogs, that came running after them with looks of the utmost fury, snarling and barking as if they would tear their throats, and seeming every moment ready to fly upon them. Francis every now and then stopped and shook his stick at them, or stooped down to pick up a stone, upon which the curs retreated as fast as they came; but as soon as he turned about they were after his heels again. This

lasted till they came to a farm-yard, through which their road lay. A large mastiff was lying down in it at his ease in the sun. Francis was almost afraid to pass him, and kept as close to his tutor as possible. However, the dog took not the least notice of them.

Presently they came upon a common, where going near a flock of geese, they were assailed with hissings, and pursued some way by these foolish birds, which, stretching out their long necks, made a very ridiculous figure. Francis only laughed at them, though he was tempted to give the foremost a switch across his neck. A little further was a herd of cows with a bull among them, upon which Francis looked with some degree of apprehension; but they kept quietly grazing, and did not take their heads from the ground as he passed.

"It is a lucky thing," said Francis to his tutor, "that mastiffs and bulls are not so

quarrelsome as curs and geese ; but what can be the reason of it ?"

" The reason (replied his tutor) is, that paltry and contemptible animals, possessing no confidence in their own strength and courage, and knowing themselves liable to injury from most of those that come in their way, think it safer to take the part of bullies, and to make a show of attacking those of whom in reality they are afraid. Whereas animals which are conscious of force sufficient for their own protection, suspecting no evil designs from others, entertain none themselves, but maintain dignified composure.

" Thus you will find it among mankind. Weak, mean, petty characters are suspicious, snarling, and petulant. They raise an outcry against their superiors in talents and reputation, of whom they stand in awe, and put on airs of defiance and insolence through mere cowardice

But the truly great are calm and inoffensive. They fear no injury, and offer none. They even suffer slight attacks to go unnoticed, conscious of their power to right themselves whenever the occasion shall seem to require it."

THE TRAVELLED ANT.

THERE was a garden enclosed with high brick walls, and laid out somewhat in the old fashion. Under the walls were wide beds planted with flowers, garden-stuff, and fruit trees. Next to them was a broad gravel walk running round the garden; and the middle was laid out in grass plots, and beds of flowers and shrubs with a fish-pond in the centre.

Near the root of one of the wall fruit trees, a numerous colony of ants was established, which had extended its sub-

terraneous works over great part of the bed in its neighbourhood. One day, two of the inhabitants meeting in a gallery under ground, fell into the following conversation.

"Ha! my friend (said the first), is it you? I am glad to see you. Where have you been this long time? All your acquaintance have been in pain about you, lest some accident should have befallen you."

"Why (replied the other), I am indeed a sort of stranger, for you must know I am but just returned from a long journey."

"A journey! whither, pray, and on what account?"

"A tour of mere curiosity. I had long felt dissatisfied with knowing so little about this world of ours; so, at length I took a resolution to explore it. And I may now boast that I have gone round its utmost extremities, and that no con-

siderable part of it has escaped my researches."

"Wonderful! What a traveller you have been, and what sights you must have seen!"

"Why, yes—I have seen more than most ants, to be sure; but it has been at the expence of so much toil and danger, that I know not whether it was worth the pains."

"Would you oblige me with some account of your adventures?"

"Willingly: I set out, then, early one sunshiny morning; and, after crossing our territory and the line of plantation by which it is bordered, I came upon a wide open plain, where, as far as the eye could reach, not a single green thing was to be descried, but the hard soil was every where covered with huge stones, which made travelling equally painful to the eye and the feet. As I was toiling onwards, I heard a rumbling noise behind

me, which became louder and louder. I looked back, and with the utmost horror beheld a prodigious rolling mountain approaching me so fast that it was impossible to get out of the way. I threw myself flat on the ground behind a stone, and lay expecting nothing but present death. The mountain soon passed over me, and I continued (I know not how long) in a state of insensibility. When I recovered, I began to stretch my limbs one by one, and to my surprise found myself not in the least injured! but the stone beside me was almost buried in the earth by the crash!"

"What an escape!"

"A wonderful one, indeed. I journeyed on over the desert, and at length came to the end of it, and entered upon a wide green tract consisting chiefly of tall, narrow, pointed leaves, which grew so thick and entangled, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could make my way

between them; and I should continually have lost my road, had I not taken care to keep the sun in view before me. When I had got near the middle of this region, I was startled with the sight of a huge four-legged monster, with a yellow speckled skin, which took a flying leap directly over me. Somewhat farther, before I was aware, I ran upon one of those long, round, crawling creatures, without head, tail, or legs, which we sometimes meet with under ground, near our settlement. As soon as he felt me upon him, he drew back into his hole so swiftly, that he was near drawing me in along with him. However, I jumped off, and proceeded on my way.

"With much labour I got at last to the end of this perplexed tract, and came to an open space like that in which we live, in the midst of which grew trees so tall that I could not see to their tops. Being hungry, I climbed up the first I came to,

in expectation of finding some fruit; but after a weary search I returned empty. I tried several others with no better success. There were, indeed, leaves and flowers in plenty, but nothing of which I could make a meal; so that I might have been famished, had I not found some sour, harsh berries upon the ground, on which I made a poor repast. While I was doing this, a greater danger than any of the former befel me. One of those two-legged feathered creatures which we often see to our cost, jumped down from a bough, and picked up in his enormous beak the very berry on which I was standing. Luckily he did not swallow it immediately, but flew up again with it to the tree; and in the mean time I disengaged myself, and fell from a vast height to the ground, but received no hurt.

"I crossed this plantation, and came to another entangled green like the first

After I had laboured through it, I came on a sudden to the side of a vast glittering plain, the nature of which I could not possibly guess at. I walked along a fallen leaf which lay on the side, and coming to the farther edge of it, I was greatly surprised to see another ant coming from below to meet me. I advanced to give him a fraternal embrace; but instead of what I expected, I met a cold yielding matter, in which I should have sunk, had I not speedily turned about, and caught hold of the leaf, by which I drew myself up again. And now I found this great plain to consist of that fluid which sometimes falls from the sky, and causes us so much trouble by filling our holes.

"As I stood considering how to proceed on my journey, a gentle breeze arose, which, before I was aware, carried the leaf I was upon away from the solid land into this yielding fluid, which, how-

ever, bore it up, and me along with it. At first, I was greatly alarmed, and ran round and round my leaf in order to find some way of getting back; but perceiving this to be impracticable, I resigned myself to my fate, and even began to take some pleasure in the easy motion by which I was borne forwards. But what new and wonderful forms of living creatures did I see inhabiting this liquid land! Bodies of prodigious bulk, covered with shining scales of various colours, shot by me with vast rapidity, and sported a thousand ways. They had large heads, and staring eyes, tremendous wide mouths, but no legs; and they seemed to be carried on by the action of somewhat like small wings planted on various parts of the body, and especially at the end of the tail, which continually waved about. Other smaller creatures, of a great variety of extraordinary forms, were moving through the clear fluid, or

resting upon its surface; and I saw with terror numbers of them continually seized and swallowed by the larger ones before mentioned.

"When I had got near the middle, the smooth surface of this plain was all roughened, and moved up and down, so as to toss about my leaf, and nearly overset it. I trembled to think what would become of me, should I be thrown amidst all these terrible monsters. At last, however, I got safe to the other side, and with joy set my feet on dry land again. I ascended a gentle green slope, which led to a tall plantation like that I had before passed through. Another green plain, and another stony desert, succeeded; which brought me at length to the opposite boundary of our world, enclosed by the same immense mound rising to the heavens, which limits us on this side.

"Here I fell in with another nation of

our species differing little in way of life from ourselves. They invited me to their settlement, and entertained me hospitably, and I accompanied them in several excursions in the neighbourhood. There was a charming fruit tree at no great distance, to which we made frequent visits. One day as I was regaling deliciously on the heart of a green-gage plum, I felt myself on a sudden carried along with great swiftness, till I got into a dark place, where a horrid crash threw me upon a soft moist piece of flesh, whence I was soon driven forth in a torrent of wind and moisture, and found myself on the ground all covered with slime. I disengaged myself with difficulty, and looking up, descried one of those enormous two-legged animals, which often shake the ground over our heads, and put us into terror.

"My new friends now began to hint to me that it was time to depart, 'for you

know we are not fond of naturalizing strangers.' And lucky, indeed, it was for me that I received the hint when I did; for I had but just left the place, and was travelling over a neighbouring eminence, when I heard behind me a tremendous noise; and looking back, I saw the whole of their settlement blown into the air with a prodigious explosion of fire and smoke. Numbers of half-burnt bodies, together with the ruins of their habitations, were thrown to a vast distance around; and such a suffocating vapour arose, that I lay for some time deprived of sense and motion. From some of the wretched fugitives I learned that the disaster was attributed to subterranean fire bursting its way to the surface: the cause of which, however, was supposed to be connected with the machinations of that malignant two-legged monster, from whose jaws I had so narrowly escaped, who had been

observed just before the explosion to pour through the holes leading to the great apartment of the settlement, a number of black shining grains.

"On my return from this remote country, I kept along the boundary wall, which I knew by observation must at length bring me back to my own home. I met with several wandering tribes of our species in my road, and frequently joined their foraging parties in search of food. One day, a company of us, allured by the smell of somewhat sweet, climbed up some lofty pillars, on which was placed a vast round edifice, having only one entrance. At this were continually coming in and going out those winged animals, somewhat like ourselves in form, but many times bigger, and armed with a dreadful sting, which we so often meet with sipping the juices of flowers; but whether they were the architects of this great mansion, or it was built for them

by some beneficent being of great powers, I am unable to decide. It seemed, however, to be the place where they deposited what they so industriously collect; for they were perpetually arriving loaded with a fragrant substance, which they carried in, and they returned empty. We had a great desire to enter with them, but were deterred by their formidable appearance, and a kind of angry hum, which continually proceeded from the house. At length two or three of the boldest of our party, watching a time when the entrance was pretty free, ventured to go in; but we soon saw them driven out in great haste, and trampled down and massacred just at the gateway. The rest of us made a speedy retreat.

"Two more adventures which happened to me, had very nearly prevented my return to my own country. Having one evening, together with a companion,

taken up my quarters in an empty snail-shell, there came on such a shower of rain in the night, that the shell was presently filled. I awaked just suffocated; but luckily having my head turned towards the mouth of the shell, I rose to the top, and made a shift to crawl to a dry place. My companion, who had got further into the shell, never rose again.

"Not long after, as I was travelling under the wall, I descried a curious pit, with a circular orifice, gradually growing narrower to the bottom. On coming close to the brink in order to survey it, the edge, which was of fine sand, gave way and I slid down the pit. As soon as I had reached the bottom, a creature with a huge pair of horns and dreadful claws made his appearance from beneath the sand, and attempted to seize me. I flew back, and ran up the side of the pit; when he threw over me such a shower of sand as blinded me, and had

like to have brought me down again. However, by exerting all my strength, I got out of his reach, and did not cease running till I was at a considerable distance. I was afterwards informed that this was the den of an ant-lion, a terrible foe of our species, which, not equalling us in speed, is obliged to make use of this crafty device to entrap his heedless prey.

"This was the last of my perils. To my great joy, I reached my native place last night, where I mean to stay content for the future. I do not know how far I have benefitted from my travels, but one important conclusion I have drawn from them."

"What is that?" said his friend.

"Why, you know it is the current opinion with us, that every thing in this world was made for our use. Now, I have seen such vast tracts not at all fit for our residence, and peopled with crea-

tures so much larger and stronger than ourselves, that I cannot help being convinced that the Creator had in view their accommodation as well as ours, in making this world."

"I confess this seems probable enough; but you had better keep your opinion to yourself."

"Why so?"

"You know we ants are a vain race, and make high pretensions to wisdom as well as antiquity. We shall be affronted with any attempts to lessen our importance in our own eyes."

"But there is no wisdom in being deceived."

"Well—do as you think proper. Meantime, farewell, and thanks for the entertainment you have given me.

"Farewell!"

THE COLONISTS.

"COME," said Mr. *Barlow* to his boys, "I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you shall be people of different trades and professions coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, *A?*"

A. I am a farmer, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well! Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much of it. But you must be a working farmer, not a gentleman farmer. Labourers will be scarce among us, and every man must put his own hand to the plough. There will be woods to clear, and marshes to drain, and a great deal of stubborn work to do.

A. I shall be ready to do my part, Sir.

Mr. B. Well, then, I shall entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profession as you can bring. You shall have land enough, and utensils; and you may fall to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

B. I am a miller, Sir.

Mr. B. A very useful trade! The corn we grow must be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

B. I suppose we must make one, Sir.

Mr. B. True; but then you must bring with you a mill-wright for the purpose. As for mill-stones, we will take them out with us? Who is next?

C. I am a carpenter, Sir.

Mr. B. The most necessary man that could offer! We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make, and all kinds of wooden furniture to pro

vide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts and the like. You must be a field carpenter as well as a house carpenter.

C. I will, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well; then I engage you, but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

D. I am a blacksmith, Sir.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; so you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But, by the by, we shall want a mason for that purpose.

E. I am one, Sir.

Mr. B. That's well. Though we may live in log-houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys,

and hearths, and ovens; so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can make bricks and burn lime too, you will be still more useful.

E. I will try what I can do, Sir.

Mr. B. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next?

F. I am a shoemaker, Sir.

Mr. B. And shoes we cannot well do without. But can you make them, like Eumæus in the Odyssey, out of a raw hide? for I fear we shall get no leather.

F. But I can dress hides, too.

Mr. B. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

G. I am a tailor, Sir.

Mr. B. Well—Though it will be some time before we want holiday suits, yet we must not go naked; so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending and botching, I hope, for

we must not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

G. I am not, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you too.

H. I am a weaver, Sir.

Mr. B. Weaving is a very useful art, but I question if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either hemp or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

J. I am a silversmith and jeweller, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

J. But I understand clock and watch-making, too.

Mr. B. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know

how time goes. But I doubt we cannot give you sufficient encouragement for a long while to come. For the present you had better stay where you are.

K. I am a barber and hair-dresser, Sir.

Mr. B. Alas! what can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter, or follow the plough the rest of your time, we shall reward you accordingly. But you will have no ladies and gentlemen to dress for a ball, or wigs to curl and powder for Sundays, I assure you. Your trade will not stand by itself with us for a great while to come.

L. I am a medical man, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, Sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you

understand surgery as well as physic, for we are likely enough to get cuts and bruises, and broken bones occasionally.

L. I have had experience in that branch too, Sir.

Mr. B. And if you understand the nature of plants, and their uses both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your usefulness.

L. Botany has been a favourite study with me, Sir; and I have some knowledge of chemistry, and the other parts of natural history, too.

Mr. B. Then you will be a treasure to us, Sir, and I shall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

M. I, Sir, am a lawyer.

Mr. B. Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

N. I am a schoolmaster, Sir.

Mr. B. That is a profession which I am sure I do not mean to undervalue;

and as soon as ever we have young folks in our colony, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are to be hard-working plain people, we do not intend to be ignorant, and we shall make it a point to have every one taught reading and writing, at least. In the mean time, till we have employment enough for you in teaching, you may keep the accounts and records of the colony: and on Sunday you may read prayers to all those that choose to attend upon you.

N. With all my heart, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you. Who comes here with so bold an air?

O. I am a soldier, Sir; will you have me?

Mr. B. We are peaceable people, and I hope shall have no occasion to fight. We mean honestly to purchase our land from the natives, and to be just and fair in all our dealings with them. William Penn, the founder of

Pennsylvania, followed that plan; and when the Indians were at war with all the other European settlers, a person in a quaker's habit might pass through all their most ferocious tribes without the least injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my colonists soldiers, so far as to be able to defend themselves if attacked, and that being the case, we shall have no need of *soldiers by trade.*

P. I am a gentleman, Sir; and I have a great desire to accompany you, because I hear game is very plentiful in that country.

Mr. B. A gentleman! And what good will you do us, Sir?

P. O, Sir, that is not at all my intention. I only mean to amuse myself.

Mr. B. But do you mean, Sir, that we should pay for your amusement?

P. As to maintenance, I expect to be able to kill game enough for my own eating, with a little bread and garden-

stuff, which you will give me. Then I will be content with a house somewhat better than the common ones; and your barber shall be my valet; so I shall give very little trouble.

Mr. B. And pray, Sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

P. Why, Sir, you will have the credit of having *one gentleman* at least in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha, ha, ha! A facetious gentleman truly! Well, Sir, when we are ambitious of such a distinction, we will send for you.

FIFTH EVENING.

THE DOG AND HIS RELATIONS.

KEEPER was a farmer's mastiff, honest, brave, and vigilant. One day as he was ranging at some distance from

home he espied a Wolf and a Fox sitting together at the corner of a wood. *Keeper*, not much liking their looks, though by no means fearing them, was turning another way, when they called after him, and civilly desired him to stay. "Surely, Sir (says *Reynard*), you won't disown your relations. My cousin *Gaunt* and I were just talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honour of reckoning you among our kin. You must know that, according to the best accounts, the wolves and dogs were originally one race in the forests of Armenia; but the dogs, taking to living with man, have since become inhabitants of towns and villages, while the wolves have retained their ancient mode of life. As to my ancestors, the foxes, they were a branch of the same family, who settled farther northwards, where they became stinted in their growth, and adopted the custom of living in holes under

ground. The cold has sharpened our noses, and given us a thicker fur and bushy tails to keep us warm. But we have all a family likeness which it is impossible to mistake; and I am sure it is our interest to be good friends with each other."

The wolf was of the same opinion; and *Keeper* looking narrowly at them, could not help acknowledging their relationship. As he had a generous heart, he readily entered into friendship with them. They took a ramble together; but *Keeper* was rather surprised at observing the suspicious shyness with which some of the weaker sort of animals surveyed them, and wondered at the hasty flight of a flock of sheep as soon as they came within view. However, he gave his cousins a cordial invitation to come and see him at his yard, and then took his leave.

They did not fail to come the nex

day about dusk. *Keeper* received them kindly, and treated them with part of his own supper. They staid with him till after dark, and then marched off with many compliments. The next morning word was brought to the farm that a goose and three goslings were missing, and that a couple of lambs were found almost devoured in the home field. *Keeper* was too honest himself readily to suspect others, so he never thought of his kinsmen on the occasion. Soon after, they paid him a second evening visit; and next day another loss appeared, of a hen and her chickens, and a fat sheep. Now *Keeper* could not help mistrusting a little, and blamed himself for admitting strangers, without his master's knowledge. However, he still did not love to think ill of his own relations.

They came a third time. *Keeper* received them rather coldly; and hinted

that he should like better to see them in the day-time; but they excused themselves for want of leisure. When they took their leave he resolved to follow at some distance and watch their motions. A litter of young pigs happened to be lying under a haystack without the yard. The wolf seized one by the back, and ran off with him. The pig set up a most dismal squeal; and *Keeper*, running up at the noise, caught his dear cousin in the fact. He flew at him and made him relinquish his prey, though not without much snarling and growling. The fox, who had been prowling about the hen-roost, now came up, and began to make protestations of his own innocence, with heavy reproaches against the wolf for thus disgracing the family. "Begone, scoundrels both! (cried *Keeper*) I know you now too well. You may be of my blood, but I am sure you are not of my spirit. *Keeper* holds no ki

dred with villains." So saying, he drove them from the premises.

THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF A CAT.

SOME days ago died GRIMALKIN, the favourite tabby Cat of *Mrs. Petlove*. Her disorder was a shortness of breath, proceeding partly from old age, and partly from fat. As she felt her end approaching, she called her children to her, and with a great deal of difficulty spoke as follows.

"Before I depart from this world, my children, I mean, if my breath will give me leave, to relate to you the principal events of my life, as the variety of scenes I have gone through may afford you some useful instruction for avoiding those dangers to which our species are particularly exposed.

"Without farther preface then, I was born at a farm-house in a village some miles hence; and almost as soon as I came into the world, I was very near leaving it again. My mother brought five of us at a litter; and as the frugal people of the house only kept Cats to be useful, and were already sufficiently stocked, we were immediately doomed to be drowned; and accordingly a boy was ordered to take us all and throw us into the horse-pond. [illegible] and we were presently set a swimming. While we were struggling for life, a little girl, daughter to the farmer, came running to the pond side, and begged very hard that she might save one of us, and bring him up for her own. After some dispute, her request was granted; and the boy reaching out his arm, took hold of me, who was luckily

nearest him, and brought me out when I was just spent. I was laid on the grass, and it was sometime before I recovered. The girl then restored me to my mother, who was overjoyed to get again one of her little ones; and for fear of another mischance, she took me in her mouth to a dark hole, where she kept me till I could see, and was able to run by her side. As soon as I came to light again, my little mistress took possession of me, and tended me very carefully. Her fondness, indeed, was sometimes troublesome, as she pinched my sides with carrying me, and once or twice hurt me a good deal by letting me fall. Soon, however, I became strong and active, and played and gambolled all day long, to the great delight of my mistress and her companions.

"At this time I had another narrow escape. A man brought into the house a strange dog, who had been taught to

worry all the Cats that came in his way. My mother slunk away at his entrance; but I, thinking, like a little fool as I was, that I was able to protect myself, staid on the floor, growling, and setting up my back by way of defiance. The dog instantly ran at me, and before I could get my claws ready, seized me with his mouth, and began to gripe and shake me most terribly. I screamed out, and, by good luck, my mistress was within hearing. She ran to us, but was not able to disengage me; however, a servant, seeing her distress, took a great stick, and gave the dog such a bang on the back, that he was forced to let me go. He had used me so roughly, that I was not able to stand for some time; but by care and a good constitution I recovered.

"I was now running after every body's heels, by which means I got one day locked up in the dairy. I was not sorry

for this accident, thinking to feast upon the cream and other good things. But having climbed up a shelf to get at a bowl of cream, I unluckily fell backwards into a large vessel of buttermilk, where I should probably have been drowned, had not the maid heard the noise, and come to see what was the matter. She took me out, scolding bitterly at me, and after making me undergo a severe discipline at the pump to clean me, she dismissed me with a good whipping. I took care not to follow her into the dairy again.

"After a while I began to get into the yard, and my mother took me into the barn upon a mousing expedition. I shall never forget the pleasure this gave me. We sat by a hole, and presently out came a mouse with a brood of young ones. My mother darted among them, and first demolished the old one, and then pursued the little ones, who ran

about squeaking in dreadful perplexity. I now thought it was time for me to do something, and accordingly ran after a straggler, and soon overtook it. O, how proud was I, as I stood over my trembling captive, and patted him with my paws! My pride, however, soon met with a check; for seeing one day a large rat, I courageously flew at him; but instead of turning tail, he gave me such a bite on the nose, that I ran away to my mother mewing piteously, with my face all bloody and swelled. For some time I did not meddle with rats again; but at length, growing stronger and more skilful, I feared neither rats nor any other vermin, and acquired the reputation of an excellent hunter.

"I had some other escapes about this time. Once I happened to meet with some poisoned food laid for the rats, and eating it, I was thrown into a disorder that was very near killing me. At an-

other time, I chanced to set my foot in a rat-trap, and received so many deep wounds from its teeth, that though I was loosened as gently as possible by the people who heard me cry, I was rendered lame for some weeks after.

"Time went on, and I arrived at my full growth; and forming an acquaintance with a he-cat about my age, after a decent resistance by scolding, biting, and scratching, we made a match of it. I became a mother in due time, and had the mortification of seeing several broods of my kittens disposed of in the same manner as my brothers and sisters had been. I shall mention two or three more adventures in the order I remember them. I was once prowling for birds along a hedge at some distance from home, when the 'squire's greyhounds came that way a coursing. As soon as they spied me, they set off full speed, and running much faster than I

could do, were just at my tail, when I reached a tree, and saved myself by climbing up it. But a greater danger befel me on meeting with a parcel of boys returning from school. They surrounded me before I was aware, and obliged me to take refuge in a tree; but I soon found that a poor defence against such enemies; for they assembled about it, and threw stones on all sides, so that I could not avoid receiving many hard blows, one of which brought me senseless to the ground. The biggest boy now seized me, and proposed to the rest making what he called rare sport with me. This sport was to tie me to a board, and launching me on a pond, to set some water dogs at me, who were to duck and half drown me, while I was to defend myself by biting their noses, and scratching their eyes. Already was I bound, and just ready to be set a sailing, when the schoolmaster taking a

walk that way, and seeing the bustle, came up, and obliged the boys to set me at liberty, severely reprimanding them for their cruel intentions.

"The next remarkable incident of my life was the occasion of my removal from the country. My mistress's brother had a tame linnet, of which he was very fond; for it would come and light on his shoulder when he called it, and feed out of his hand; and it sung well besides. This bird was usually either in its cage or upon a high perch; but one unlucky day, when he and I were alone in the room together, he came down on the table to pick up crumbs. I spied him, and not being able to resist the temptation, sprung at him, and catching him in my claws, soon began to devour him. I had almost finished when his master came into the room; and seeing me with the remains of poor linnet in my mouth, he ran to me in the greatest

fury, and after chasing me several times round the room, at length caught me. He was proceeding instantly to hang me, when his sister, by many entreaties and tears, persuaded him after a good whipping to forgive me, upon the promise that I should be sent away. Accordingly, the next market-day I was dispatched in the cart to a relation's of theirs in this town, who wanted a good cat, as the house was overrun with mice.

"In the service of this family I continued a good while, performing my duty as a mouser extremely well, so that I was in high esteem. I soon became acquainted with all the particulars of a town life, and distinguished my activity in climbing up walls and houses, and jumping from roof to roof, either in pursuit of prey, or upon gossiping parties with my companions. Once, however, I had like to have suffered for my venturing; for having made a great jump

from one house to another, I lit upon a loose tile, which giving way with me, I fell from a vast height into the street, and should certainly have been killed, had I not had the luck to light in a dung cart, whence I escaped with no other injury but being half stifled with filth.

"Notwithstanding the danger I had run from killing the linnet, I am sorry to confess that I was again guilty of a similar offence. I contrived one night to leap down from a roof upon the board of some pigeon-holes, which led to a garret inhabited by those birds. I entered, and finding them asleep, made sad havoc among all that were within my reach, killing and sucking the blood of near a dozen. I was near paying dearly for this, too; for on attempting to return, I found it was impossible for me to leap up again to the place whence I had descended, so that, after several

dangerous trials, I was obliged to wait trembling in the place where I had committed all these murders, till the owner came up in the morning to feed his pigeons. I rushed out between his legs as soon as the door was opened, and had the good fortune to get safe down stairs, and make my escape through a window unknown; but never shall forget the horrors I felt that night! Let my double danger be a warning to you, my children, to control your savage appetites, and on no account to do harm to those creatures which like ourselves are under the protection of man. We cats all lie under a bad name for treacherous dispositions in this respect, and with shame I must acknowledge it is but too well merited.

"Well—but my breath begins to fail me, and I must hasten to a conclusion. I still lived in the same family, when our present kind mistress, Mrs. Petlove

having lost a favourite tabby, advertised a very handsome price for another, that should as nearly as possible resemble her dead darling. My owners, tempted by the offer, took me for the good lady's inspection, and I had the honour of being preferred to a multitude of rivals. I was immediately settled in the comfortable mansion we now inhabit, and had many favours and indulgences bestowed upon me, such as I had never before experienced. Among these I reckon one of the principal, that of being allowed to rear all my children, and to see them grow up in peace and plenty. My adventures here have been few; for after the monkey had spitefully bit off the last joint of my tail (for which I had the satisfaction to see him soundly corrected) I kept beyond the length of his chain; and neither the parrot nor lap-dogs ever dared to molest me. One of the greatest afflictions I have felt here, was the stifling

of a whole litter of my kittens by a fat old lady, a friend of my mistress's, who sat down on the chair where they lay, and never perceived the mischief she was doing till she rose, though I pulled her clothes and used all the means in my power to show my uneasiness. This misfortune my mistress took to heart almost as much as myself, and the lady has never since entered our doors. Indeed, both I and mine had ever been treated here with the utmost kindness—perhaps with too much; for, to the pampering me with delicacies, together with Mrs. Abigail's frequent washings, I attribute this asthma, which is now putting an end to my life, rather sooner than its natural period. But I know all was meant well; and with my last breath I charge you all to show your gratitude to our worthy mistress, by every return in your power.

"And now, my dear children, farewell

we shall perhaps meet again in a land where there are no dogs to worry us, or boys to torment us—Adieu!"

Having thus said, Grimalkin became speechless, and presently departed this life, to the great grief of all the family.

CANUTE'S REPROOF TO HIS COURTIERS.

PERSONS.

CANUTE, ... King of England.
OSWALD, OFFA, ... Courtiers.

Scene—*The Sea-Side near Southampton.*
The Tide coming in.

Canute. Is it true, my friends, what you have so often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs?

Offa. It is true, my liege; you are the most powerful of all kings.

Oswald. We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

Offa. Not only we, but even the elements, are your slaves. The land obeys

you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

Canute. Does the sea, with its loud boisterous waves, obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding?

Offa. Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.

Canute. Is not the tide coming up?

Oswald. Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

Canute. Bring me a chair, then; set it here upon the sands.

Offa. Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

Canute. Yes, set it just here.

Oswald (*aside.*) I wonder what he is going to do!

Offa (*aside.*) Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us.

Canute. O mighty Ocean! thou art my subject: my courtiers tell me so: and it is thy bounden duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

Oswald (*aside.*) I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

Offa. See how fast the tide rises!

Oswald. The next wave will come up to the chair. It is folly to stay; we shall be covered with salt water.

Canute. Well, does the sea obey my commands? if it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it swells, and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person. Vile sycophants! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies? that I believed your abject flatteries? Know, there is

only one Being whom the sea will obey. He is sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only He who can say to the ocean—"Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." A king is but a man; and a man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him? Take away this crown, I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace.

DIALOGUE,

ON THINGS TO BE LEARNED,

BETWEEN MAMMA AND KITTY.

Kitty. Pray, mamma, may I leave off working? I am tired.

Mamma. You have done very little,

ny dear; you know you were to finish ll that hem.

K. But I had rather write now, namma, or read, or get my French grammar.

M. I know very well what that neans, Kitty; you had rather do any hing than what I set you about.

K. No, mamma; but you know I an work very well already, and I have great many more things to learn. There's Miss Rich that cannot sew half o well as I, and she is learning music nd drawing already, besides dancing, nd I don't know how many other hings. She tells me that they hardly work at all in their school.

M. Your tongue runs at a great rate, ny dear; but in the first place, you annot sew very well, for if you could ou would not have been so long in loing this little piece. Then I hope ou will allow, that mammas know

better what is proper for their little girls to learn than they do themselves.

K. To be sure, mamma; but as I suppose I must learn all these things some time or other, I thought you would like to have me begin them soon, for I have often heard you say that children cannot be set too early about what is necessary for them to do.

M. That's very true, but all things are not equally necessary to every one; for some that are very fit for one, are scarcely proper at all for others.

K. Why, mamma?

M. Because, my dear, it is the purpose of all education to fit persons for the station in which they are hereafter to live; and you know there are very great differences in that respect, both among men and women.

K. Are there? I thought all *ladies* lived alike.

M. It is usual to call all well-edu

cated women, who have no occasion to work for their livelihood, *ladies ;* but if you will think a little, you must see that they live very differently from each other, for their fathers and husbands are in very different ranks and situations in the world, you know.

K. Yes, I know that some are lords, and some are squires, and some are clergymen, and some are merchants, and same are doctors, and some are shopkeepers.

M. Well; and do you think the wives and daughters of these persons can have just the same things to do, and the same duties to perform ? You know how I spend my time. I have to go to market and provide for the family, to look after the servants, to help in taking care of you children, and in teaching you, to see that your clothes are in proper condition, and assist in making and mending for myself, and you, and your

papa. All this is my necessary duty; and besides this, I must go out a visiting to keep up our acquaintance; this I call partly business, and partly amusement. Then when I am tired, and have done all that I think necessary, I may amuse myself with reading, or in any other proper way. Now a great many of these employments do not belong to Lady Wealthy, or Mrs. Rich, who keep housekeepers and governesses, and servants of all kinds, to do every thing for them. It is very proper, therefore, for them to pay more attention to music, drawing, ornamental work, and any other elegant manner of passing their time and making themselves agreeable.

K. And shall I have all the same things to do, mamma, that you have?

M. It is impossible, my dear, to foresee what your future station will be: but you have no reason to expect that if you have a family, you will have fewer

duties to perform than I have. This is the way of life for which your education should prepare you; and every thing will be useful and important for you to learn, in proportion as it will make you fit for this.

K. But when I am grown a young lady, shall I not have to visit, and go to assemblies and plays, as Miss Wilsons and Miss Johnsons do?

M. It is very likely you may enter into some amusement of this sort: but even then you will have several more serious employments, which will take up a much greater part of your time; and if you do not do them properly, you will have no right to partake of the others.

K. What will they be, mamma?

M. Why, don't you think it proper that you should assist me in my household affairs a little, as soon as you are able?

K. O yes, mamma, I should be very glad to do that.

M. Well, consider what talents will be necessary for that purpose; will not a good hand at your needle be one of the very first qualities?

K. I believe it will.

M. Yes, and not only in assisting *me*, but in making things for *yourself*. You know how we admired Miss Smart's ingenuity when she was with us, in contriving and making so many articles of her dress, for which she must otherwise have gone to the milliner's, which would have cost a great deal of money.

K. Yes; she made my pretty bonnet and she made you a very handsome cap

M. Very true; she was so clever a not only to furnish herself with thes things, but to oblige her friends wit some of her work. And I dare say sh does a great deal of plain work also fo herself and her mother. Well, the

you are convinced of the importance of this business, I hope.

K. Yes, mamma.

M. Reading and writing are such necessary parts of education, that I need not say much to you about them.

K. O no, for I love reading dearly.

M. I know you do, if you can get entertaining stories to read; but there are many things also to be read for instruction, which perhaps may not be so pleasant at first.

K. But what need is there of so many books of this sort?

M. Some are to teach you your duty to your Maker, and your fellow creatures, of which I hope you are sensible you ought not to be ignorant. Then it is very right to be acquainted with geography; for you remember how poor Miss Blunder was laughed at for saying that if ever she went to France, it should be by land.

K. That was because England is an island, and all surrounded with water, was it not?

M. Yes, Great Britain, which contains both England and Scotland, is an island. Well, it is very useful to know something of the nature of plants, and animals, and minerals, because we are always using some or other of them. Something, too, of the heavenly bodies, is very proper to be known, both that we may admire the power and wisdom of God in creating them, and that we may not make foolish mistakes, when their motions and properties are the subject of conversation. The knowledge of history, too, is very important, especially that of our own country, and in short every thing that makes part of the discourse of rational and well-educated people, ought in some degree to be studied by every one who has proper opportunities.

K. Yes, I like some of those things very well. But pray, mamma, what do I learn French for—am I ever to live in France?

M. Probably not, my dear; but there are a great many books written in French that are very well worth reading; and it may every now and then happen that you may be in company with foreigners who cannot speak English, and as they almost all talk French, you may be able to converse with them in that language.

K. Yes, I remember there was a gentleman here that came from Germany, I think, and he could hardly speak a word of English, but papa and you could talk to him in French; and I wished very much to be able to understand what you were saying, for I believe part of it was about me.

M. It was. Well then you see the use of French. But I cannot say this is a *necessary* part of knowledge to young

women in general, only it is well worth acquiring, if a person has leisure and opportunity. I will tell you, however, what is quite necessary for one in your station, and that is, to write a good hand, and to cast accounts well.

K. I should like to write well, because then I should send letters to my friends when I pleased, and it would not be such a scrawl as our maid Betty writes, that I dare say her friends can hardly make out.

M. She had not the advantage of learning when young, for you know she taught herself since she came to us, which was a very sensible thing of her, and I suppose she will improve. Well, but accounts are almost as necessary as writing; for how could I cast up all the market bills, and tradesmen's accounts and keep my house-books, without it?

K. And what is the use of that mamma?

M. It is of use to prevent our being overcharged in any thing, and to know exactly how much we spend, and whether or no we are exceeding our income, and in what articles we ought to be more saving. Without keeping accounts the richest man might soon come to be ruined before he knew that his affairs were going wrong.

K. But do women always keep accounts? I thought that was generally the business of the men.

M. It is their business to keep the accounts belonging to their trade, or profession, or estate; but it is the business of their wives to keep all the household accounts; and a woman almost in any rank, unless, perhaps, some of the highest of all, is to blame if she does not take upon her this necessary office. I remember a remarkable instance of the benefit which a young lady derived from an attention to this point. An eminent

merchant in London failed for a great sum.

K. What does that mean, mamma?

M. That he owed a great deal more than he could pay. His creditors, that is, those to whom he was indebted, on examining his accounts, found great deficiences which they could not make out; for he had kept his books very irregularly, and had omitted to put down many things that he had bought and sold. They suspected, therefore, that great waste had been made in the family expenses; and they were the more suspicious of this, as a daughter, who was a very genteel young lady, was his housekeeper, his wife being dead. She was told of this; upon which, when the creditors were all met, she sent them her house-books for their examination. They were all written in a very fair hand, and every single article was entered with the greatest regularity, and the

sums were all cast up with perfect exactness. The gentlemen were so highly pleased with the proof of the young lady's ability, that they all agreed to make her a handsome present out of the effects; and one of the richest of them, who was in want of a clever wife, soon after paid his addresses to her, and married her.

K. That was very lucky, for I suppose she took care of her poor father, when she was rich. But I shall have nothing of that sort to do a great while.

M. No; but young women should keep their own account of clothes and pocket-money, and other expenses, as I intend you shall do when you grow up.

K. Am I not to learn dancing, and music, and drawing too, mamma?

M. Dancing you shall certainly learn pretty soon, because it is not only an agreeable accomplishment in itself, but is useful in forming the body to ease

and elegance in all its motions. As to the other two, they are merely ornamental accomplishments, which, though a woman of middling station may be admired for possessing, yet she will never be censured for being without. The propriety of attempting to acquire them must depend on natural genius for them, and upon leisure and other accidental circumstances. For some they are too expensive, and many are unable to make such progress in them as will repay the pains of beginning. It is soon enough, however, for us to think about these things, and at any rate they are not to come in till you have made a very good proficiency in what is useful and necessary. But I see you have now finished what I set you about, so you shall take a walk with me into the market-place, where I have two or three things to buy.

K. Shall we not call at the booksellers, to inquire for those new books that Miss Reader was talking about?

M. Perhaps we may. Now lay up your work neatly, and get on your hat and tippet.

SIXTH EVENING.

ON THE OAK.

A DIALOGUE.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Tut. Come, my boys, let us sit down awhile under yon shady tree. I don't know how your young legs feel, but mine are almost tired.

Geo. I am not tired, but I am very hot.

Har. And I am hot and very dry too.

Tut. When you have cooled yourself you may drink out of that clear brook.

In the mean time we will read a little out of a book I have in my pocket.

[*They go and sit down at the foot of the tree.*]

Har. What an amazing large tree! How wide its branches spread! Pray what tree is it?

Geo. I can tell you that. It is an Oak. Don't you see the acorns?

Tut. Yes, it is an Oak—the noblest tree this country produces;—not only grand and beautiful to the sight, but of the greatest importance from its uses.

Har. I should like to know something about it.

Tut. Very well; then, instead of reading, we will sit and talk about Oaks. George, you knew the Oak by its acorns—should you have known it if there had been none?

Geo. I don't know—I believe not.

Tut. Observe, then, in the first place that its bark is very rugged. Then see

in what manner it grows. Its great arms run out almost horizontally from its trunk, giving the whole tree a sort of round form, and making it spread far on every side. Its branches are also subject to be crooked or kneed. By these marks you might guess at an Oak even in winter when quite bare of leaves. But its leaves afford a surer mark of distinction, since they differ a good deal from those of other English trees, being neither whole and even at the edges, nor yet cut like the teeth of a saw, but rather deeply scolloped, and formed into several rounded divisions. Their colour is a fine deep green. Then the fruit—

Har. Fruit!

Tut. Yes—all kinds of plants have what may properly be called fruit, though we are apt to give that name only to such as are food for man. The fruit of a plant is the seed, with what contains it. This, in the Oak, is called

an acorn, which is a kind of nut, partly inclosed in a cup.

Geo. Acorn cups are very pretty things. I have made boats of them, and set them swimming in a basin.

Tut. And if you were no bigger than a fairy, you might use them for drinking cups, as those imaginary little beings are said to do.

> Pearly drops of dew we drink,
> In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

Har. Are acorns good to eat?

Geo. No, that they are not. I have tried, and did not like them at all.

Tut. In the early ages of man, before he cultivated the earth, but lived upon such wild products as nature afforded we are told that acorns made a considerable part of his food; and at this day they are eaten in Spain and Greece and in some other of the southern countries of Europe. But they are sweeter and better-flavoured than ours, and are

produced by a different species of oak. The chief use which we make of those which grow in this country are to feed hogs. In those parts of England where Oak woods are common, great herds of swine are kept, which are driven into the woods in autumn, when the acorns fall, and provide for themselves plentifully for two or three months. This, however, is a small part of the praise of the Oak. You will be surprised when I tell you, that to this tree our country owes its chief glory and security.

Har. Aye! how can that be?

Tut. I don't know whether in your reading you have ever met with the story, that Athens, a famous city in Greece, consulting the oracle how it might best defend itself against its enemies, was advised to trust to wooden walls.

Har. Wooden walls?—that's odd—I should think stone walls better; for wooden ones might be set on fire.

Tut. True: but the meaning was, that as Athens was a place of great trade, and its people were skilled in maritime affairs, they ought to trust to their ships. Well, this is the case with Great Britain. As it is an island, it has no need of walls and fortifications, while it possesses ships to keep all enemies at a distance. Now, we have the greatest and finest navy in the world, by which we both defend ourselves, and attack other nations, when they insult us; and this is all built of oak.

Geo. Would no other wood do to build ships?

Tut. None nearly so well, especially for men of war; for it is the stoutest and strongest wood we have; and therefore best fitted, both to keep sound under water, and to bear the blows and shocks of the waves, and the terrible strokes of cannon balls. It is a peculiar excellence for this last purpose, that Oak is not so liable to splinter or shiver as othe

woods, so that a ball can pass through it without making a large hole. Did you never hear the old song,

Heart of Oak are our ships, hearts of Oak are our men, &c.

Geo. No.

Tut. It was made at a time when England was more successful in war than had ever before been known, and our success was properly attributed chiefly to our fleet, the great support of which is the British Oak; so I hope you will henceforth look upon Oaks with due respect.

Har. Yes—It shall always be my favourite tree.

Tut. Had not Pope reason, when he said, in his *Windsor Forest*,

Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our *Oaks* the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn!

These lines refer to its use as well for

merchant ships as for men of war; and in fact all our ships are for the most part built either of native or foreign Oak.

Geo. Are the masts of ships made of Oak?

Tut. No—it would be too heavy. Besides, it would not be easy to find trunks of Oak long and straight enough for that purpose. They are made of various sorts of fir or pine, which grow very tall and taper.

Geo. Is Oak wood used for any thing beside ship-building?

Tut. O yes—It is one of the principal woods of the carpenter, being employed wherever great strength and durability are required. It is used for door and window-frames, and the beams that are laid in walls to strengthen them. Floors and staircases are sometimes made with it; and in old houses in the country which were built when Oak was more

plentiful than at present, almost all the timber about them was oak. It is also occasionally used for furniture, as tables, chairs, drawers, and bedsteads; though mahogany has now much taken its place for the better sort of goods, and the lighter and softer woods for the cheaper; for the hardness of Oak renders it difficult and expensive to work. It is still, however, the chief material used in mill-work, in bridge and water-works, for waggon and cart-bodies, for threshing floors, for large casks and tubs, and for the last piece of furniture a man has occasion for. What is that, do you think, George?

Geo. I don't know.

Har. A coffin.

Tut. So it is.

Har. But why should that be made of such strong wood?

Tut. There can be no other reason than that weak attachment we are apt

to have for our bodies when we have done with them, which has made men in various countries desirous of keeping them as long as possible from decay. But I have not yet done with the uses of the Oak. Were either of you ever in a tanner's yard?

Geo. We often go by one at the end of the town; but we dare not go in for fear of the great dog.

Tut. But he is always chained in the day-time.

Har. Yes—but he barks so loud and looks so fierce, that we were afraid he would break his chain.

Tut. I doubt you are a couple of cowards. However, I suppose you came near enough to observe great stacks of bark in the yard.

Geo. O yes—there are several.

Tut. Those are Oak bark, and it is used in tanning the hides.

Har. What does it do to them?

Tut. I'll tell you. The hide, when taken from the animal, after being steeped in lime and water to get off the hair and grease, is put to soak in a liquor made by steeping Oak bark in water. This liquor is strongly astringent, or binding, and has the property of converting skin into leather. The change which the hide thus undergoes, renders it at the same time less liable to decay, and soft and pliable when dry; for raw skins, by drying, acquire nearly the hardness and consistency of horn. Other things are also tanned for the purpose of preserving them, as fishing-nets and boat-sails. This use of the bark of the Oak makes it a very valuable commodity; and you may see people in the woods carefully stripping the Oaks when cut down, and piling up the bark in heaps.

Geo. I have seen such heaps of bark, but I thought they were only to burn.

Tut. No—they are much too valuable for that. Well, but I have another use of the Oak to mention, and that is in dyeing.

Har. Dyeing! I wonder what colour it can dye?

Tut. Oak saw-dust is a principal ingredient in dyeing fustians. By various mixtures and management it is made to give them all the different shades of drab and brown. Then, all the parts of the Oak, like all other astringent vegetables, produce a dark blue or black by the addition of any preparation of iron. The bark is sometimes used in this way for dyeing black. And did you never see what the boys call an Oak-apple?

Geo. Yes—I have gathered them myself.

Tut. Do you know what they are?

Geo. I thought they were the fruit of the Oak.

Tut. No—I have told you that the acorns are the fruits. These are excrescences formed by an insect.

Geo. An insect! how can they make such a thing?

Tut. It is a sort of a fly, that has the power of piercing the outer skin of the Oak boughs, under which it lays its eggs. The part then swells into a kind of ball, and the young insects, when hatched, eat their way out. Well, this ball or apple is a pretty strong astringent, and is sometimes used in dyeing black. But in the warm countries, there is a species of Oak which bears round excrescences of the same kind, called galls, which become hard, and are the strongest astringents known. They are the principal ingredients in the black dyes, and common ink is made with them, together with a substance called green vitriol, or copperas, which contains iron.

I have now told you the chief uses that I can recollect of the Oak; and these are so important, that whoever drops an acorn into the ground, and takes proper care of it when it comes up, may be said to be a benefactor to his country. Besides, no sight can be more beautiful and majestic than a fine Oak wood. It is an ornament fit for the habitation of the first nobleman in the land.

Har. I wonder, then, that all rich gentlemen who have ground enough, do not cover it with Oaks.

Tut. Many of them, especially of late years, have made great plantations of these trees. But all soils do not suit them: and then there is another circumstance which prevents many from being at this trouble and expence, which is the long time an oak takes in growing, so that no person can reasonably expect to profit by those of his own planting. An oak of fifty years is greatly short of

its full growth, and they are scarcely arrived at perfection under a century. However, it is our duty to think of posterity as well as ourselves; and they who receive oaks from their ancestors, ought certainly to furnish others to their successors.

Har. Then I think that every one who cuts down an Oak should be obliged to plant another.

Tut. Very right—but he should plant two or three for one, for fear of accidents in their growing.

I will now repeat to you some verses describing the Oak in its state of full growth, or rather of beginning decay, with the various animals living upon it —and then we will walk.

See where yon *Oak* its awful structure rears,
The massy growth of twice a hundred years;
Survey his rugged trunk with moss o'ergrown,
His lusty arms in rude disorder thrown,
His forking branches wide at distance spread,
And dark'ning half the sky, his lofty head.

A mighty castle, built by nature's hands,
Peopled by various living tribes, he stands.
His airy top the clamorous rooks invest,
And crowd the waving boughs with many a nest.
Midway the nimble squirrel builds his bow'r;
And sharp-bill'd pies the insect tribes devour,
That gnaw beneath the bark their secret ways,
While unperceived the stately pile decays.

ALFRED.

A DRAMA.

PERSONS OE THE DRAMA.

ALFRED.....King of England.
GUBBA .....a Farmer.
GANDELIN.....his Wife.
ELLA .....an Officer of Alfred.

Scene—*The Isle of Athelney.*

Alfred. How retired and quiet is every thing in this little spot! The river winds its silent waters round this retreat; and the tangled bushes of the thicket fence it from the attack of an

enemy. The bloody Danes have not yet pierced into this wild solitude. I believe I am safe from their pursuit. But I hope I shall find some inhabitants here, otherwise I shall die of hunger.—Ha! here is a narrow path through the wood, and I think I see the smoke of a cottage rising between the trees. I will bend my steps thither.

Scene—*Before the Cottage.*

GUBBA *coming forward.* GANDELIN, *within.*

Alfred. Good even to you, good man. Are you disposed to show hospitality to a poor traveller?

Gubba. Why truly there are so many poor travellers now a days, that if we entertain them all, we shall have nothing left for ourselves. However, come along to my wife, and we will see what can be done for you.

Wife, I am very weary: I have been chopping wood all day.

Gandelin. You are always ready for your supper, but it is not ready for you, I assure you: the cakes will take an hour to bake, and the sun is yet high; it has not yet dipped behind the old barn. But who have you with you, I trow?

Alfred. Good mother, I am a stranger; and entreat you to afford me food and shelter.

Gandelin. Good mother, quotha! Good wife, if you please, and welcome. But I do not love strangers; and the land has no reason to love them. It has never been a merry day for Old England since strangers came into it.

Alfred. I am not a stranger in England, though I am a stranger here. I am a true-born Englishman.

Gubba. And do you hate those wicked Danes, that eat us up, and

burn our houses, and drive away our cattle?

Alfred. I do hate them.

Gandelin. Heartily! he does not speak heartily, husband.

Alfred. Heartily I hate them; most heartily.

Gubba. Give me thy hand, then; thou art an honest fellow.

Alfred. I was with King Alfred in the last battle he fought.

Gandelin. With King Alfred? Heaven bless him!

Gubba. What is become of our good King?

Alfred. Did you love him, then?

Gubba. Yes, as much as a poor man may love a King; and kneeled down and prayed for him every night, that he might conquer those Danish wolves; but it was not to be so.

Alfred. You could not love Alfred better than I did.

Gubba. But what is become of him?

Alfred. He is thought to be dead.

Gubba. Well, these are sad times; Heaven help us! Come, you shall be welcome to share the brown loaf with us; I suppose you are too sharp set to be nice.

Gandelin. Aye, come with us; you shall be as welcome as a prince! But hark ye, husband; though I am very willing to be charitable to this stranger (it would be a sin to be otherwise), yet there is no reason he should not do something to maintain himself: he looks strong and capable.

Gubba. Why, that's true. What can you do, friend?

Alfred. I am very willing to help you in any thing you choose to set me about. It will please me best to earn my bread before I eat.

Gubba. Let me see. Can you tie up faggots neatly?

Alfred. I have not been used to it. I am afraid I should be awkward.

Gubba. Can you thatch? There is a piece blown off the cow-house.

Alfred. Alas! I cannot thatch.

Gandelin. Ask him if he can weave rushes: we want some new baskets.

Alfred. I have never learned.

Gubba. Can you stack hay?

Alfred. No.

Gubba. Why, here's a fellow! and yet he hath as many pair of hands as his neighbours. Dame, can you employ him in the house? He might lay wood on the fire, and rub the tables.

Gandelin. Let him watch these cakes then: I must go and milk the kine.

Gubba. And I'll go and stack the wood, since supper is not ready.

Gandelin. But pray, observe, friend; do not let the cakes burn; turn them often on the hearth.

Alfred. I shall observe your directions.

ALFRED *alone.*

Alfred. For myself, I could bear it: but England, my bleeding country, for thee my heart is wrung with bitter anguish!—From the Humber to the Thames the rivers are stained with blood.—My brave soldiers cut to pieces! My poor people—some massacred, others driven from their warm homes, stripped, abused, insulted;—and I, whom Heaven appointed their shepherd, unable to rescue my defenceless flock from the ravenous jaws of these devourers! Gracious Heaven! if I am not worthy to save this land from the Danish sword, raise up some other hero to fight with more success than I have done, and let me spend my life in this obscure cottage, in these servile offices: I shall be content if England is happy.—O! here come my blunt host and hostess.

Enter GUBBA *and* GANDELIN.

Gandelin. Help me down with the pail, husband. This new milk, with the cakes, will make an excellent supper: but, mercy on us, how they are burnt! black as my shoe; they have not once been turned: you oaf, you lubber, you lazy loon—

Alfred. Indeed, dame, I am sorry for it: but my mind was full of sad thoughts.

Gubba. Come, wife, you must forgive him; perhaps he is in love. I remember when I was in love with thee——

Gandelin. You remember!

Gubba. Yes, dame, I do remember it, though it is many a long year since; my mother was making a kettle of furmety—

Gandelin. Prithee, hold thy tongue, and let us eat our suppers.

Alfred. How refreshing is this sweet new milk, and this wholesome bread.

Gubba. Eat heartily, friend. Where shall we lodge him, Gandelin?

Gandelin. We have but one bed you know; but there is fresh straw in the barn.

Alfred (*aside.*) If I shall not lodge like a king, at least I shall lodge like a soldier. Alas! how many of my poor soldiers are stretched on the bare ground!

Gandelin. What noise do I hear! It is the trampling of horses. Good husband, go and see what is the matter.

Alfred. Heaven forbid my misfortunes should bring destruction on this simple family! I had rather have perished in the wood.

GUBBA *returns followed by* ELLA, *with his sword drawn.*

Gandelin. Mercy defend us, a sword!

Gubba. The Danes! the Danes! O do not kill us!

Ella (*kneeling.*) My liege, my Lord, my Sovereign! have I found you?

Alfred (*embracing him.*) My brave Ella!

Ella. I bring you good news, my Sovereign! Your troops that were shut up in Kinwith Castle made a desperate sally—the Danes were slaughtered. The fierce Hubba lies gasping on the plain.

Alfred. Is it possible! Am I yet a king?

Ella. Their famous standard, the Danish raven, is taken; their troops are panic struck; the English soldiers call aloud for Alfred. Here is a letter which will inform you of more particulars. (*Gives a letter.*)

Gubba (*aside.*) What will become of us? Ah! dame, that tongue of thine has undone us!

Gandelin. O, my poor dear husband! we shall all be hanged, that's certain.

But who could have thought it was the King?

Gubba. Why, Gandelin, do you see, we might have guessed he was born to be a king, or some such great man, because, you know, he was fit for nothing else.

Alfred (*coming forward.*) God be praised for these tidings! Hope is sprung up out of the depth of despair. O, my friend! shall I again shine in arms—again fight at the head of my brave Englishmen,—lead them on to victory! Our friends shall now lift their heads again.

Ella. Yes, you have many friends, who have long been obliged, like their master, to skulk in deserts and caves, and wander from cottage to cottage. When they hear you are alive and in arms again, they will leave their fastnesses, and flock to your standard.

Alfred. I am impatient to meet them: my people shall be revenged.

Gubba and Gandelin (*throwing themselves at the feet of* ALFRED.) O my lord——

Gandelin. We hope your majesty will put us to a merciful death. Indeed, we did not know your majesty's grace.

Gubba. If your majesty could but pardon my wife's tongue; she means no harm, poor woman!

Alfred. Pardon you, good people! I not only pardon you, but thank you. You have afforded me protection in my distress; and if ever I am seated again on the throne of England, my first care shall be to reward your hospitality. I am now going to protect *you.* Come my faithful Ella, to arms! to arms! My bosom burns to face once more the haughty Dane; and here I vow to Heaven, that I will never sheath the sword

against these robbers, till either I lose my life in this just cause, or

Till dove-like Peace return to England's shore,
And war and slaughter vex the land no more.

SEVENTH EVENING.

ON THE PINE AND FIR TRIBE.

A DIALOGUE.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Tut. Let us sit down awhile on this bench, and look about us. What a charming prospect!

Har. I admire those pleasure grounds. What beautiful clumps of trees there are in that lawn!

Geo. But what a dark gloomy wood that is at the back of the house!

Tut. It is a fir plantation; and those trees always look dismal in the summer, when there are so many finer greens to

compare them with. But the winter is their time for show, when other trees are stripped of their verdure.

Geo. Then they are evergreens.

Tut. Yes; most of the fir tribe are evergreens; and as they are generally natives of cold mountainous countries, they contribute greatly to cheer the wintry landscape.

Geo. You were so good, when we walked out last, to tell us a great deal about Oaks. I thought it one of the prettiest lessons I ever heard. I should be glad if you would give us such another about firs.

Har. So should I too, I am sure.

Tut. With all my heart, and I am pleased that you ask me. Nothing is so great an encouragement to a tutor as to find his pupils of their own accord seeking after useful knowledge.

Geo. And I think it is very useful to know such things as these.

Tut. Certainly it is. Well then—You may know the Pine or Fir tribe in general at first sight, as most of them are of a bluish green colour, and all have leaves consisting of a strong narrow pointed blade, which gives them somewhat of a stiff appearance. Then all of them bear a hard scaly fruit, of a longish or conical form.

Har. Are they what we call Fir-apples?

Tut. Yes; that is one of the names boys give them.

Har. We often pick them up under trees, and throw them at one another.

Geo. I have sometimes brought home my pocket full to burn. They make a fine clear flame.

Tut. Well—do you know where the seeds lie in them

Geo. No—have they any?

Tut. Yes—at the bottom of every scale lie two winged seeds; but when

the scales open, the seeds fall out: so that you can seldom find any in those you pick up.

Har. Are the seeds good for any thing?

Tut. There is a kind of Pine in the South of Europe called the *Stone Pine*, the kernels of which are eaten, and said to be as sweet as an almond. And birds pick out the seeds of other sorts, though they are so well defended by the woody scales.

Har. They must have good strong bills then.

Tut. Of this tribe of trees a variety of species are found in different countries, and are cultivated in this. But the only kind native here, is the *Wild Pine* or *Scotch Fir*. Of this there are large natural forests in the Highlands of Scotland; and the principal plantations consist of it. It is a hardy sort fit for barren and mountainous soils, but grows slowly.

Geo. Pray what are those very tall trees, that grow in two rows before the old hall in our village?

Tut. They are the *Common* or *Spruce Fir*, a native of Norway, and other northern countries, and one of the loftiest of the tribe. But observe those trees that grow singly in the grounds opposite to us with wide spread branches spreading downwards, and trailing on the ground, thence gradually lessening till the top of the tree ends almost in a point.

Har. What beautiful trees!

Tut. They are the Pines called *Larches*, natives of the Alps and Apennines, introduced into this country about the middle of the last century, for the purpose, at first, of decorating our gardens, and of which extensive plantations for timber have since been made, both in England and Scotland. These are not properly evergreens, as they shed

their leaves in winter, but quickly recover them again. Then we have besides, the *Weymouth Pine*, which is the tallest species in America—the *Silver Fir*, so called from the silvery hue of its foliage—the *Pinaster*—and a tree of ancient fame, the *Cedar of Lebanon*.

Geo. I suppose that is a very great tree.

Tut. It grows to a large size, but is very slow in coming to its full growth.

Geo. Are Pines and Firs very useful trees ?

Tut. Perhaps the most so of any. By much the greatest part of the wood at present used among us comes from them.

Har. What—more than from the Oak ?

Tut. Yes, much more. Almost all the timber used in building houses, for floors, beams, rafters, and roofs, is Fir.

Geo. Does it all grow in this country ?

Tut. Scarcely any of it. Norway, Sweden, and Russia, are the countries from which we draw our timber, and a vast trade there is in it. You have seen timber-yards?

Geo. O yes—several.

Tut. In them you would observe some very long thick beams, called *balks*. These are whole trees, only stripped of the bark and squared. You would also see great piles of planks and boards, of different lengths and thickness. Those are called *deal*, and are brought over ready sawn from the countries where they grow. They are of different colours. The white are chiefly from the Fir-tree; the yellow and red from the Pine.

Har. I suppose there must be great forests of them in those countries, or else they could not send us so much.

Tut. Yes: the mountains of Norway are overrun with them, enough for the

it; for though they last but a short time, they cost so little in proportion, that the profit of a few voyages is sufficient to repay the expence. Then from the great lightness of the wood, they swim higher in the water, and consequently will bear more loading. Most of the large ships that bring timber from Archangel in Russia are built of Fir. As for the masts of ships, those I have already told you are all made of Fir or Pine, on account of their straightness and lightness.

Geo. Are there not some lines in Milton's *Paradise Lost* about that?

Tut. Yes: the spear of Satan is magnified by a comparison with a lofty Pine.

> His spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great admiral, were but a wand.

Har. I remember, too, that the walking staff of the giant Polypheme was a Pine.

Tut. Ay—so Homer and Ovid tell us, and he must have been a giant indeed, to use such a stick. Well, so much for the wood of these trees. But I have more to say about their uses.

Har. I am glad of it.

Tut. All of the tribe contain a juice of a bitterish taste and strong fragrant smell. This, in some, is so abundant as to flow out from incisions; when it is called *Turpentine.* The larch, in particular, yields a large quantity. Turpentine is one of the substances called *resinous;* it is sticky, transparent, very inflammable, and will not mix with water, but will dissolve in spirits of wine.

Geo. What is it used for?

Tut. It is used medicinally, particularly in the composition of plaisters and ointments. It also is an ingredient in varnishes, cements, and the like. An oil distilled from turpentine is employed

supply of all Europe; but on account of their ruggedness, and the want of roads, it is found impossible to get the trees, when felled, down to the sea coast, unless they grow near some river.

Geo. How do they manage them?

Tut. They take the opportunity when the rivers are swelled with rains or melted snow, and tumble the trees into them, when they are carried down to the mouth of the rivers, where they are stopped by a kind of pens.

Har. I should like to see them swimming down the stream.

Tut. Yes—it would be curious enough; for in some places these torrents roll over rocks, making steep water-falls, down which the trees are carried headlong, and often do not rise again till they are got to a considerable distance; and many of them are broken, and torn to pieces in the passage.

Geo. Are these woods used for any thing beside building?

Tut. For a variety of purposes; such as boxes, trunks, packing-cases, pales, wainscots, and the like. Deal is a very soft wood easily worked, light, and cheap, which makes it preferred for so many uses, though it is not very durable, and is very liable to split.

Har. Yes—I know my box is made of deal, and the lid is split all to pieces with driving nails into it.

Geo. Are ships ever built with Fir?

Tut. It was one of the first woods made use of for naval purposes; and in the poets you will find the words *Pine* and *Fir* frequently employed to signify *ship*. But as navigation has improved, the stronger and more durable woods have generally taken its place. However in the countries where Fir is very plentiful, large ships are still built with

in medicine, and is much used by painters for mixing up their colours. What remains after getting this oil is common *resin.* All these substances take fire very easily, and burn with a great flame; and the wood of the pine has so much of this quality, when dry, that it has been used in many countries for torches.

Har. I know deal shavings burn very briskly.

Geo. Yes; and matches are made of bits of deal dipped in brimstone.

Tut. True,—and when it was the custom to burn the bodies of the dead, as you read in Homer and other old authors, the pines and pitch-trees composed great part of the funeral pile.

Har. But what are pitch-trees? Does pitch grow upon trees?

Tut. I was going on to tell you about that. *Tar* is a product of the trees of this kind, especially of one species, called

the Pitch-pine. The wood is burned in a sort of oven made in the earth, and the resinous juice sweats out, and acquires a peculiar taste and a black colour from the fire. This is *tar*. Tar when boiled down to dryness becomes *pitch*.

Geo. Tar and pitch are chiefly used about ships; are they not?

Tut. They resist moisture, and therefore are of great service in preventing things from decaying that are exposed to wet. For this reason, the cables and other ropes of ships are well soaked with tar; and the sides of ships are covered with pitch mixed with other ingredients. Their seams too, or the places where the planks join, are filled with tow dipped in a composition of resin, tallow, and pitch, to keep out the water. Wood for paling, for piles, for coverings of roofs and other purposes of the like nature, is

often tarred over. Cisterns and casks are pitched to prevent leaking.

Har. But what are sheep tarred for after they are sheared?

Tut. To cure wounds and sores in their skin. For the like purposes an ointment made with tar is often rubbed upon children's heads. Several parts of the pine are medicinal. The tops and green cones of the Spruce Fir are fermented with treacle, and the liquor, called *spruce-beer*, is much drunk in America, particularly for the scurvy.

Geo. Is it pleasant?

Tut. Not to those who are unaccustomed to it. Well—I have now finished my lesson, so let us walk.

Har. Shall we go through the grounds?

Tut. Yes; and then we will view some of the different kinds of Fir and Pine more closely, and I will show you the difference of their leaves and cones by which they are distinguished.

A DIALOGUE

ON DIFFERENT STATIONS IN LIFE.

LITTLE Sally Meanwell had one day been to pay an afternoon's visit to Miss Harriet the daughter of Sir Thomas Pemberton. The evening proving rainy, she was sent home in Sir Thomas's coach; and on her return, the following conversation passed between her and her mother.

Mrs. Meanwell. Well, my dear, I hope you have had a pleasant visit.

Sally. O yes, mamma, very pleasant; you cannot think what a great many fine things I have seen. And then it is so charming to ride in a coach!

Mrs. M. I suppose Miss Harriet showed you all her playthings.

Sally. O yes, such fine large dolls so smartly dressed, as I never saw in my life before. Then she has a baby-house

and all sorts of furniture in it: and a grotto all made of shells, and shining stones. And then she showed me all her fine clothes for the next ball; there's a white slip all full of spangles, and pink ribbons; you can't think how beautiful it looks.

Mrs. M. And what did you admire most of all these fine things?

Sally. I don't know—I admired them all; and I think I liked riding in the coach better than all the rest. Why don't we keep a coach, mamma? and why have I not such fine clothes and playthings as Miss Harriet?

Mrs. M. Because we cannot afford it, my dear. Your papa is not so rich, by a great deal, as Sir Thomas; and if we were to lay out our money upon such things, we should not be able to procure food and raiment and other necessaries for you all.

Sally. But why is not papa as rich as Sir Thomas?

Mrs. M. Sir Thomas had a large estate left him by his father; but your papa has little but what he gains by his own industry.

Sally. But why should not papa be as rich as any body else? I am sure he deserves it as well.

Mrs. M. Do you not think that there are a great many people poorer than he, that are also very deserving?

Sally. Are there?

Mrs. M. Yes, to be sure. Don't you know what a number of poor people there are all around us, who have very few of the comforts we enjoy? What do you think of Plowman the labourer? I believe you never saw him idle in your life.

Sally. No; he is gone to work long before I am up, and he does not return

till almost bed-time, unless it be for his dinner.

Mrs. M. Well! how do you think his wife and children live? should you like that we should change places with them?

Sally. O no! they are so dirty and ragged.

Mrs. M. They are, indeed, poor creatures; but I am afraid they suffer worse evils than that.

Sally. What, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why I am afraid they often do not get as much victuals as they could eat. And then in winter they must be half starved for want of fire and warm clothing. How do you think you could bear all this?

Sally. Indeed I don't know. But I have seen Plowman's wife carry great brown loaves into the house; and I remember once eating some brown bread and milk, and I thought it very good.

Mrs. M. I believe you would not much like it constantly; besides, they can hardly get enough of that. But you seem to know almost as little of the poor as the young French princess did.

Sally. What was that, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why there had been one year so bad a harvest in France that numbers of the poor were famished to death. This calamity was so much talked of, that it reached the court, and was mentioned before the young princesses. 'Dear me!' said one of them, 'how *silly* that was!' Why, rather than be famished, I would eat bread and cheese. Her governess was then obliged to acquaint her that the greatest part of her father's subjects scarcely ever eat any thing better than black bread all their lives; and that vast numbers would now think themselves very happy to get only half their usual pittance of that. Such wretchedness as this was

what the princess had not the least idea of; and the account shocked her so much, that she was glad to sacrifice all her finery to afford some relief to the sufferings of the poor.

Sally. But I hope there is nobody famished in our country.

Mrs. M. I hope not, for we have laws by which every person is entitled to relief from the parish, if he is unable to gain a subsistence; and were there no laws about it, I am sure it would be our duty to part with every superfluity, rather than let a fellow creature perish for want of necessaries.

Sally. Then do you think it was wrong for Miss Pemberton to have all those fine things?

Mrs. M. No, my dear, if they are suitable to her fortune, and do not consume the money which ought to be employed in more useful things for herself and others.

Sally. But why might she not be contented with such things as I have; and give the money that the rest cost to the poor?

Mrs. M. Because she can afford both to be charitable to the poor, and also to indulge herself in these pleasures. But do you recollect that the children of Mr. White the baker and Mr. Shape the taylor, might just ask the same questions about you?

Sally. How so?

Mrs. M. Are not you as much better dressed, and as much more plentifully supplied with playthings than they are, as Miss Pemberton is than you?

Sally. Why, I believe I may, for I remember Polly White was very glad of one of my old dolls; and Nancy Shape cried for such a sash as mine, but her mother would not let her have one.

Mrs. M. Then you see, my dear, that there are many who have fewer

things to be thankful for than *you* have; and you may also learn what ought to be the true measure of the expectations of children, and the indulgences of parents.

Sally. I don't quite understand you, mamma.

Mrs. M. Every thing ought to be suited to the station in which we live, or are likely to live, and the wants and duties of it. Your papa and I do not grudge laying out part of our money to promote the innocent pleasure of our children: but it would be very wrong in us to lay out so much on this account as would oblige us to spare in more necessary articles; as in their education, and the common household expences required in our way of living. Besides, it would be so far from making you happier, that it would be doing you the greatest injury.

Sally. How could that be, mamma?

Mrs. M. If you were now to be dressed like Miss Pemberton, don't you think you would be greatly mortified at being worse dressed when you came to be a young woman?

Sally. I believe I should, mamma; for then perhaps I might go to assemblies; and to be sure I should like to be as smart then as at any time.

Mrs. M. Well, but it would be still more improper for us to dress you then beyond our circumstances, because your necessary clothes will then cost more, you know. Then if we were now to hire a coach or chair for you to go a visiting in, should you like to leave it off ever afterwards? But you have no reason to expect that you will be able to have those indulgences when you are a woman. And so it is in every thing else. The more fine things, and the more gratifications you have now, the more you will require hereafter: for

custom makes things so familiar to us, that while we enjoy them less, we want them more.

Sally. How is that, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why, don't you think you have enjoyed your ride in the coach this evening more than Miss Harriet would have done?

Sally. I suppose I have; because if Miss Harriet liked it so well, she would be always riding, for I know she might have the coach whenever she pleased.

Mrs. M. But if you were both told that you were never to ride in a coach again, which would think it the greater hardship? You could walk, you know, as you have always done before; but she would rather stay at home, I believe, than expose herself to the cold wind, and trudge through the wet and dirt in pattens.

Sally. I believe so too; and now, mamma, I see that all you have told me is very right.

Mrs. M. Well, my dear, let it dwell upon your mind, so as to make you cheerful and contented in your station, which you see is so much happier than that of many and many other children. So now we will talk no more on this subject.

EIGHTH EVENING.

THE ROOKERY.

There the hoarse-voiced hungry Rook,
Near her stick-built nest doth croak,
Waving on the topmast bough.

THESE lines *Mr. Stangrove* repeated pointing up to a Rookery, as he was walking in an avenue of tall trees, with his son *Francis*.

Francis. Is that a Rookery, papa?

Mr. St. It is. Do you hear what a cawing the birds make?

Fr. Yes—and I see them hopping about among the boughs. Pray, are not Rooks the same with crows?

Mr. St. They are a species of crow; but they differ from the carrion crow and raven in not living upon dead flesh, but upon corn and other seeds, and grass. They indeed pick up beetles and other insects, and worms. See what a number of them have lighted on yonder plowed field, almost blackening it over.

Fr. What are they doing?

Mr. St. Searching for grubs and worms. You see the men in the field do not molest them, for they do a great deal of service by destroying grubs, which, if they were suffered to grow to winged insects, would do much mischief to the trees and plants.

Fr. But do they hurt the corn?

Mr. St. Yes, they tear up a good deal of green corn, if they are not driven away. But, upon the whole, Rooks are reckoned the farmers' friends: and they do not choose to have them destroyed.

Fr. Do all Rooks live in Rookeries?

Mr. St. It is the general nature of them to associate together, and build in numbers on the same or adjoining trees. But this is often in the midst of woods or natural groves. However they have no objection to the neighbourhood of man, but readily take to a plantation of tall trees, though it be close to a house; and this is commonly called a Rookery. They will even fix their habitations on trees in the midst of towns; and I have seen a Rookery in a churchyard in one of the closest parts of London.

Fr. I think a Rookery is a sort of town itself.

Mr. St. It is: a village in the air, peopled with numerous inhabitants: and nothing can be more amusing than to view them all in motion, flying to and fro, and busied in their several occupations. The spring is their busiest time. Early in the year they begin to repair their nests, or build new ones.

Fr. Do they all work together, or every one for itself?

Mr. St. Each pair, after they have coupled, builds its own nest; and instead of helping, they are very apt to steal the materials from one another. If both birds go out at once in search of sticks, they often find, at their return, the work all destroyed, and the materials carried off; so that one of them generally stays at home to keep watch. However, I have met with a story which shows that they are not without some sense of the criminality of thieving. There was in a Rookery a lazy pair of Rooks, who never went out to get sticks for themselves, but made a practice of watching when their neighbours were abroad, and helped themselves from their nests. They had served most of the community in this manner, and by these means had just finished their own nest; when all the other Rooks in a rage fell upon them

at once, pulled their nest in pieces, beat them soundly, and drove them from their society.

Fr. That was very right—I should have liked to have seen it. But why do they live together if they do not help one another?

Mr. St. They probably receive pleasure from the company of their own kind, as men and various other creatures do. Then, though they do not assist one another in building, they are mutually serviceable in many ways. If a large bird of prey hovers about a Rookery for the purpose of carrying off any of the young ones, they all unite to drive him away. When they are feeding in a flock, several are placed as centinels upon the trees all round, who give the alarm if any danger approaches. They often go a long way from home to feed; but every evening the whole flock returns, making a loud cawing as they fly, as if to direct and call in the

stragglers. The older Rooks take the lead: you may distinguish them by the whiteness of their bills, occasioned by their frequent digging in the ground, by which the black feathers at the root of the bill are worn off.

Fr. Do Rooks always keep to the same trees?

Mr. St. Yes—they are much attached to them, and when the trees happen to be cut down, they seem greatly distressed, and keep hovering about them as they are falling, and will scarcely desert them when they lie on the ground.

Fr. Poor things! I suppose they feel as we should if our town was burned down or overthrown by an earthquake.

Mr. St. No doubt! The societies of animals greatly resemble those of men; and that of Rooks is like those of men in a savage state, such as the communities of the North American Indians. It is a sort of league for mutual aid and

defence, but in which every one is left to do as he pleases, without any obligation to employ himself for the whole body. Others unite in a manner resembling more civilized societies of men. This is the case with the beavers. They perform great public works by the united efforts of the whole community, such as damming up streams, and constructing mounds for their habitations. As these are works of great art and labour, some of them must probably act under the direction of others, and be compelled to work whether they will or not. Many curious stories are told to this purpose by those who have observed them in their remotest haunts, where they exercise their full sagacity.

Fr. But are they all true?

Mr. St. That is more than I can answer for; yet what we certainly know of the economy of bees may justify us in believing extraordinary things of the sagacity of animals. The society of bees

goes farther than that of beavers, and, in some respects, beyond most among men themselves. They not only inhabit a common dwelling, and perform great works in common, but they lay up a store of provision, which is the property of the whole community, and is not used except at certain seasons, and under certain regulations. A bee-hive is a true image of a commonwealth, where no member acts for himself alone, but for the whole body.

Fr. But there are drones among them, who do not work at all.

Mr. St. Yes—and at the approach of winter they are driven out of the hive, and left to perish with cold and hunger. But I have not leisure at present to tell you more about bees. You shall one day see them at work in a glass hive. In the mean time, remember one thing, which applies to all the so-

cieties of animals; and I wish it did as well to all those of men likewise.

Fr. What is that?

Mr. St. The principle upon which they all associate, is to obtain some benefit for the *whole body*, not to give particular advantages to a few.

THE SHIP.

Charles Osborn, when at home in the holidays, had a visit from a school-fellow who was just entered as a mid-shipman on board of a man of war. *Tom Hardy* (that was his name) was a free-hearted, spirited lad, and a favourite among his companions; but he never liked his book, and had left school ignorant of almost every thing he came there to learn. What was worse, he had got a contempt for learning of all kinds, and was fond of showing it. "What does your father mean," says he to Charles, "to keep you moping

and studying over things of no use in the world but to plague folks?—Why can't you go into his majesty's service like me, and be made a gentleman of? You are old enough, and I know you are a lad of spirit." This kind of talk made some impression upon young *Osborn.* He became less attentive to the lessons his father set him, and less willing to enter into instructive conversation. This change gave his father much concern; but as he knew the cause, he thought it best, instead of employing direct authority, to attempt to give a new impression to his son's mind, which might counteract the effects of his companion's suggestions.

Being acquainted with an East-India captain, who was on the point of sailing, he went with his son to pay him a farewell visit on board his ship. They were shown all about the vessel, and viewed all the preparations for so long a voyage. They saw her weigh anchor and unfurl

her sails; and they took leave of their friend amid the shouts of the seamen and all the bustle of departure.

Charles was highly delighted with this scene; and as they were returning, could think and talk of nothing else. It was easy therefore for his father to lead him into the following train of discourse.

After *Charles* had been warmly expressing his admiration of the grand sight of a large ship completely fitted out and getting under sail; "I do not wonder (said his father) that you are so much struck with it:—it is, in reality, one of the finest spectacles created by human skill, and the noblest triumph of art over untaught nature. Near two thousand years ago, when Julius Cæsar came over to this island, he found the natives in possession of no other kind of vessel than a sort of canoe, formed of wicker-work covered with hides, and no bigger than a man or two could

carry. But the largest ship in Cæsar's fleet was not more superior to these, than the Indiaman you have been seeing is to what that was. Our savage ancestors ventured only to paddle along the rivers and coasts, or cross small arms of the sea in calm weather; and Cæsar himself would have been alarmed to be a few days out of sight of land. But the ship we have just left is going by itself to the opposite side of the globe, prepared to encounter the tempestuous winds and mountainous waves of the vast southern ocean, and to find its way to its destined port, though many weeks must pass with nothing in view but sea and sky. Now what do you think can be the cause of this prodigious difference in the powers of man at one period and another?"

Charles was silent.

Fa. Is it not that there is a great deal more knowledge in one than in the other?"

Ch. To be sure it is.

Fa. Would it not, think you, be as impossible for any number of men untaught, by their utmost efforts, to build and navigate such a ship as we have seen, as to fly through the air?

Ch. I suppose it would.

Fa. That we may be the more sensible of this, let us consider how many arts and professions are necessary for this purpose. Come—you shall begin to name them, and if you forget any, I will put you in mind. What is the first?

Ch. The ship-carpenter, I think.

Fa. True—What does he do?

Ch. He builds the ship.

Fa. How is that done?

Ch. By fastening the planks and beams together.

Fa. But do you suppose he can do this as a common carpenter makes a box or set of shelves?

Ch. I do not know.

Fa. Do you not think that such a vast bulk requires a good deal of contrivance to bring it into shape, and fit it for all its purposes?

Ch. Yes.

Fa. Some ships, you have heard, sail quicker than others—some bear storms better—some carry more lading—some draw less water—and so on. You do not suppose all these things are left to chance?

Ch. No.

Fa. In order to produce these effects with certainty, it is necessary to study proportions very exactly, and to lay down an accurate scale by mathematical lines and figures after which to build the ship. Much has been written upon this subject, and nice calculations have been made of the resistance a ship meets with in making way through the water, and the best means of overcoming it; also of the action of the wind on the sails, and their action in

pushing on the ship by means of the masts. All these must be understood by a perfect master of ship-building.

Ch. But I think I know ship-builders who have never had an education to fit them for understanding these things.

Fa. Very likely; but they have followed by rote the rules laid down by others; and as they work merely by imitation, they cannot alter or improve as occasion may require. Then, though common merchant-ships are trusted to such builders, yet in constructing men of war and Indiamen, persons of science are always employed. The French, however, attend to this matter more than we do, and in consequence, their ships generally sail better than ours.

Ch. But need a captain of a ship know all these things.

Fa. It may not be absolutely necessary; yet occasions may frequently arise in which it would be of great advantage for him to be able to judge and give

direction in these matters. But suppose the ship built—what comes next?

Ch. I think she must be rigged.

Fa. Well—who are employed for this purpose?

Ch. Mast-makers, rope-makers, sail-makers, and I know not how many other people.

Fa. These are all mechanical trades; and though in carrying them on much ingenuity has been applied in the invention of machines and tools, yet we will not stop to consider them. Suppose her, then, rigged—what next?

Ch. She must take in her guns and powder.

Fa. Stop there, and reflect how many arts you have now set to work. Gunpowder is one of the greatest inventions of modern times, and what has given such a superiority to civilized nations over the barbarous. An English frigate, surrounded by the canoes of all the

savages in the world, would easily beat them off by means of her guns; and if Cæsar were to come again to England with his fleet, a battery of cannon would sink all his ships, and set his legions a swimming in the sea. But the making of gunpowder, and the casting of cannon, are arts that require an exact knowledge of the science of *chemistry*.

Ch. What is that?

Fa. It comprehends the knowledge of all the properties of metals and minerals, salts, sulphur, oils, and gums, and of the action of fire and water, and air upon all substances, and the effects of mixing different things together. Gunpowder is a mixture of three things only; saltpetre or nitre, sulphur or brimstone, and charcoal. But who could have thought such a wonderful effect would have been produced by it?

Ch. Was it not first discovered by accident?

Fa. Yes—but it was by one who was

making chemical experiments, and many more experiments have been employed to bring it to perfection.

Ch. But need a captain know how to make gunpowder and cannon?

Fa. It is not necessary, though it may often be useful to him. However, it is quite necessary that he should know how to employ them. Now the sciences of gunnery and fortification depend entirely upon mathematical principles; for by these are calculated the direction of a ball through the air, the distance it would reach to, and the force with which it will strike any thing. All engineers, therefore, must be good mathematicians.

Ch. But I think I have heard of gunners being little better than the common men.

Fa. True—There is a way of doing that business, as well as many others, by mere practice; and an uneducated man may acquire skill in pointing a

cannon, as well as in shooting with a common gun. But this is only in ordinary cases, and an abler head is required to direct. Well—now suppose your ship completely fitted out for sea, and the wind blowing fair; how will you navigate her?

Ch. I would spread the sails, and steer by the rudder.

Fa. Very well—but how would you find your way to the port you were bound for?

Ch. That I cannot tell.

Fa. Nor perhaps can I make you exactly comprehend it; but I can show you enough to convince you that it is an affair that requires much knowledge, and early study. In former times when a vessel left the sight of land, it was steered by observation of the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night. The sun you know, rises in the east, and sets in the west: and at noon, in these parts of the world, it is exactly south of us.

These points, therefore, may be found out when the sun shines. The moon and stars vary: however, their place in the sky may be known by exact observation. Then, there is one star that always points to the north pole, and is therefore called the pole-star. This was of great use in navigation, and the word pole-star is often used by the poets to signify a sure guide. Do you recollect the description in Homer's Odyssey, when Ulysses sails away by himself from the island of Calypso,—how he steers by the stars?

Ch. I think I remember the lines in Pope's translation.

Fa. Repeat them, then.

Ch. Placed at the helm he sat, and mark'd the skies,
Nor closed in sleep his ever watchful eyes;
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more effulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye;

Who shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Fa. Very well—they are fine lines indeed! You see then, how long ago sailors thought it necessary to study astronomy. But as it frequently happens, especially in stormy weather, that the stars are not to be seen, this method was subject to great uncertainty, which rendered it dangerous to undertake distant voyages. At length, near 500 years since, a property was discovered in a mineral, called the magnet or loadstone, which removed the difficulty. This was, its *polarity*, or quality of always pointing to the poles of the earth, that is, due north and south. This it can communicate to any piece of iron; so that a needle well rubbed in a particular manner by a loadstone, and then balanced upon its centre so as to turn round freely, will always point to the north. With an instrument called a mariner's compass, made of one of these needles,

and a card marked with all the points north, south, east, west, and the divisions between these, a ship may be steered to any part of the globe.

Ch. It is a very easy matter, then.

Fa. Not quite so easy, neither. In a long voyage, cross or contrary winds blow a ship out of her direct course, so that without nice calculations both of the straight track she has gone, and all the deviations from it, the sailors would not know where they were, nor to what point to steer. It is also frequently necessary to take observations, as they call it; that is, to observe with an instrument where the sun's place in the sky is at noon, by which they can determine the *latitude* they are in. Other observations are necessary to determine their *longitude*. What these mean, I can show you upon the globe. It is enough now to say that, by means of both together, they can tell the exact spot they re on at any time; and then, by con-

sulting their map, and setting their compass, they can steer right to the place they want. But all this requires a very exact knowledge of astronomy, the use of the globes, mathematics, and arithmetic, which you may suppose is not to be acquired without much study. A great number of curious instruments have been invented to assist in these operations; so that there is scarcely any matter in which so much art and science have been employed as in navigation; and none but a very learned and civilised nation can excel in it.

Ch. But how is Tom Hardy to do? for I am pretty sure he does not understand any of these things.

Fa. He must learn them, if he means to come to any thing in his profession. He may, indeed, head a press-gang, or command a boat's crew without them; but he will never be fit to take charge of a man of war, or even a merchant ship.

Ch. However, he need not learn Latin and Greek.

Fa. I cannot say, indeed, that a sailor has occasion for those languages; but a knowledge of Latin makes it much easier to acquire all modern languages; and I hope you do not think them unnecessary to him.

Ch. I did not know they were of much importance.

Fa. No! Do you think that one who may probably visit most countries in Europe, and their foreign settlements, should be able to converse in no other language than his own? If the knowledge of languages is not useful to *him*, I know not to whom it is so. He can hardly do at all without knowing some; and the more the better.

Ch. Poor Tom! then I doubt he has not chosen so well as he thinks.

Fa. I doubt so, too.

Here ended the conversation. They soon after reached home, and Charles

did not forget to desire his father to show him on the globe what longitude and latitude meant.

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

Charles. Papa, [redacted] Last winter you used to tell us stories, and now you never tell us any; and we are all got round the fire quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear papa, let us have a very pretty one.

Father. With all my heart—What shall it be?

C. A bloody murder, papa!

F. A bloody murder! Well then—once upon a time, some men dressed all alike. . . .

C. With black crapes over their faces?

F. No; they had steel caps on:—having crossed a dark heath, wound cautiously along the skirts of a deep forest. . . .

C. They were ill looking fellows, I dare say.

F. I cannot say so; on the contrary, they were as tall personable men as most one shall see:—leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill. . .

C. At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, papa?

F. No, really; it was on a fine balmy summer's morning;—they moved forwards, one behind another. . . .

C. As still as death, creeping along under the hedges?

F. On the contrary—they walked remarkably upright; and so far from endeavouring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came along, with several sorts of instruments.

C. But, papa, they would be found out immediately.

F. They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves: on the contrary, they gloried in what they were about.—They moved forwards, I say, to a large plain,

where stood a neat pretty village which they set on fire.

C. Set a village on fire, wicked wretches.

F. And while it was burning they murdered—twenty thousand men.

C. O fie! papa! You don't intend I should believe this; I thought all along you were making up a tale, as you often do; but you shall not catch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats?

F. No, truly, they resisted as long as they could.

C. How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?

F. Why not? the *murderers* were thirty thousand.

C. O, now I have found you out! you mean a BATTLE.

F. Indeed I do. I do not know any *murders* half so bloody.

END OF VOL. I.

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